THE ENGLISH REVIEW

29th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

CONTENTS, JANUARY, 1935.

Correspondence	*Adelaide Livingstone*
Current Comments	*Douglas Jerrold*
India	*Major J. S. Courtauld, M.P.*
Poem: Ocean Fugue	*Sir Patrick Ford*
Against Raising the Compulsory School Age	*Sir John Gilbert, K.B.E., LL.D.*
An Asturian Excursion	*Luis A. Bolin*
Herr Hitler's Constructive Policy	*E. W. D. Tennant*
The Successful Death of Nicholas Begg	*Anne Stewart*
The Slave Trade To-Day	*Ignatius Phayre*
Poem: Man, Proud Man	*Eleanor Carroll Chilton*
Defoe's England	*Rev. W. P. Witcutt*
A Countryman's Diary	*A. G. Street*
The Burning Question in the Saar Territory	*Dr. G. A. Boon*
Foreign Affairs	*Sir Charles Petrie*

Literary Supplement: *Hugh Kingsmill; Norman Leach; Richard Church; Brian Lunn; George Reavey; Douglas Goldring; E. Keate; Osbert Burdett; J.*

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED AND SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 14/- POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE (PUBLISHERS) LIMITED

6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Correspondence

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In your note on the Peace Ballot in the December number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW you ask if it is "right to use a non-political organization to assist in a ballot on matters of current controversy." May I point out, in the first instance, that the League of Nations Union, although it took the initiative, is only one of thirty-seven co-operating societies.

The League of Nations Union is supported by all three of the great political parties in this country and nothing was and is, further from the wishes and intentions of the committee of the National Declaration than that the ballot should be used for any party ends. Many individual Conservatives are taking part in the work of the local committees. Sir Thomas Inskip, the Attorney-General, in the course of a speech in his own constituency, said: "At the moment the two most effective methods of making a contribution to peace are to join the League of Nations Union and to take an active part in the ballot."

With regard to the ballot paper itself, a copy of which is enclosed, you will notice that:—

> "These questions are put to you as a means of showing to our Government and to the world where Britain stands as to Peace and the Price of Peace."
>
> "We want your answers whether 'Yes' or 'No,' with or without explanation or commentary."

All the questions are based on the Covenant of the League of Nations, with the exception of No. 3, which had its origin in the proposal of the French Delegation to the Disarmament Conference. One of the chief reasons for organizing the ballot was the education of the country in the issues involved by membership of the League of Nations.

Whether it is desirable to invite the opinion of the general mass of the population on questions of foreign policy raises the whole problem of the present democratic form of government in this country, and is naturally beyond the purview of the National Declaration Committee.

Yours faithfully,

ADELAIDE LIVINGSTONE,

(Dame Adelaide Livingstone),

Secretary, National Declaration Committee.

FORWARD IS OUR WATCHWORD.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

have the proud record of having passed through their Homes and Training Ship

30,000 POOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

1,100 CHILDREN ARE ALWAYS BEING MAINTAINED.

These children are being so trained that they may become good and useful men and women, and well fitted for any positions they may be called upon to occupy.

PLEASE SEND A DONATION TO-DAY SO THAT THIS GREAT WORK MAY GO FORWARD

and enable us to pass another 30,000 through our doors.

There is no better cause than that of caring for young children.

GIFTS, LARGE OR SMALL, WILL BE GRATEFULLY RECEIVED.

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON W.C.2

THE PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, recently said:—"I do commend this Institution to the Public for their continued assistance."

"TRUTH"

Grows Better Than Ever

Its outspoken comments are always valuable to those who desire to keep pace with public affairs. And, of course, the value of its enlightened and critical survey of all Investments of importance is inestimable.

Then there are the authoritative articles by writers of distinction on Politics, Sport, Music, Art, the Theatre, Books and Motoring; the typical diary by the New Pepys, a Queer Story and exposures of all kinds of frauds.

Altogether, the journal—quite apart from its high literary standing—is necessary to everyone who needs an adequate survey of the movements of men and affairs.

NINEPENCE EVERY WEDNESDAY

Obtainable at all booksellers, or from

THE MANAGER, Truth Buildings, Carteret Street, London, S.W.1

by postal subscription at the following rates:

3 months, 10s. 10d. 6 months, £1 1s. 8d. 12 months, £2 3s. 4d.

SOUTH AFRICA CALLING

via The High Seas Road

Can we assist you to take The High Seas Road to South Africa on that sunshine adventure you have promised yourself ?

When the formalities of booking and departure have been completed for you by our Travel Organisation, and you finally gaze over the ship's rail as she heads for the open sea—then comes the true joy of your decision.

Ocean air, freedom and fresh contacts work wonders. Former doubts about getting away, costs, other people, strange lands, fear of unforeseen happenings—all those limitations of environment vanish in the wake of the ship. It is astonishing, too, how home and business affairs manage themselves and even thrive in one's absence.

"South Africa Calling" is a descriptive brochure that will interest you. Sent gratis on request to: Director, Union Government Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or the leading Tourist Agencies.

Where £1 Sterling *equals* 20/-

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

JANUARY, 1935

THE ENGLISH REVIEW has been accused, not by its enemies, but by its friends, of changing its views on India. The accusation is false. THE ENGLISH REVIEW has for years—long before this issue became topical and when some of those voices which now shout loudest against the Government scheme were silent—objected to the premature and reckless extension of democratic institutions to India. When the Simon report was published and the Round Table Conference was arranged, the present writer gave it as his opinion that—

"If it be treated as a conference on the Simon Report, disaster will immediately follow, for in that event the Report would become the minimum from which the British side could never recede and beyond which they would be morally bound to advance, if their offer of an unrestricted Conference were not wholly insincere."

These words are not taken at random from a long commentary and now set out with the further emphasis of italics. They were printed in italics. They were an accurate forecast of what has occurred. There was at that date no India Defence Committee. The press were lavish in their praises of the Round Table policy. Most of the Conservative party and press walked into the trap. To-day the visible and lamentable results of that cardinal error are plain to see. We have no word to say in support of the theoretic merits of the Select Committee's proposals. We described them in our last issue as "uninspired by intellectual or moral conviction," and the report itself as "diffuse, verbose, and repetitive."

The Responsibility for the Indian Situation

THE majority of the Conservative party neglected its opportunity to save India from a hazardous experi-

ment in July, 1930. To-day that opportunity is lost. That is all we said. We have heard no effective reply to the arguments of Lord Lloyd and Mr. Winston Churchill. We shall hear none to the arguments of Major J. S. Courtauld whose article on this subject we are glad to print this month. There is no answer to be made except that the situation has passed, owing to this negligence of the majority of the Conservative party, beyond the stage when an effective halt can be called. We shall continue to support the elements in the Conservative party which were in 1930 opposed to the Round Table policy and who then showed their sincerity and their intelligence. We differ, if at all, only in this. We think that Conservatives of all schools should now endeavour to improve the Government's Indian proposals. They will not be rejected; they can be improved. But in the bigger fight ahead of us there must be no premature surrender. In this fight all men of principle must co-operate, or the end of our Imperial power and our industrial prosperity are alike in sight. The Conservative party must be rebuilt on the only sure foundation—of men of character. There are enough of them.

The Government and the Country

THE present Government began well: they restored the nation's finances and increased our prestige abroad; but the last two years, and 1934 most of all, have shaken their position, and particularly the personal reputation of the leaders. 1934 has seen the enhancement of only one reputation—that of Mr. Anthony Eden. It is easy to see why, on a long view, the Government's recent record is bad. They have failed in their disarmament policy; the last foundation, the Washington Treaty, has collapsed. Their Indian policy has split the Conservative party and led to the political extinction of their supporters in India. Unemployment, as Lord Lloyd prophesied exactly a year ago, has been

stabilized at a figure exceeding two millions, and Mr. Walter Elliott's schemes have not effected the restoration of agriculture. The public are profoundly sceptical of the adequacy of their housing policy. Of their monetary policy the less said the better. They have neither raised the price level nor reduced expenditure. Indeed, expenditure is rising at a rate which is alarming, and the Government, though they were carried into office by the May Committee's report, have by now made it clear that they reject every one of their recommendations. The last chance for a generation of reducing the level of Government expenditure has, in plain fact, been lost. The ultimate result of present policies may well be a new financial and industrial crisis greater than the last. Meanwhile the storm clouds are lowering both in Europe and in the Far East, and we must expect a long period of anxiety at the least in India.

The " Old Gang " and the Slide to Socialism

WHY is this country so prosperous? And are the Government to have no credit for this? Both France and the United States look at us with envy, and the Government say that this fact justifies the middle course which they have steered between revolutionary experiment and mere inaction. There is some truth in this. The Government undoubtedly restored our financial credit and has not yet destroyed its own handiwork. Plans, subsidies and controls are, however, not an alternative to Socialism; they are the first steps down a steep and slippery path leading to Socialism by a simple process of evolution. In the absence of the will to turn back and begin the difficult climb back to political and financial honesty, there is nothing that can stop us sliding into Socialism and the Government are entitled to no credit for the fact that we have only just begun to slide. What is puzzling to everyone is the Government's unpopularity in the country. My own guess, which is no worse and no better than anyone else's, is that this is due to

personalities rather than policies, and particularly to the pre-war complexion of the Cabinet. The attacks on the Parliamentary system by Sir Stafford Cripps and Sir Oswald Mosley have also damaged the Government; not in the way intended, but by the nature of the defence which they have provoked. The spectacle of elderly front bench politicians, many of whom have turned their coats once and some of whom have been doing it so long that they obviously don't know where they are, congratulating each other on the democratic freedom of a system which has kept themselves and their friends almost continuously in office since the beginning of the century, is not inspiring. It has certainly failed to inspire. The rank and file of the Conservative party is divided on the Government's India policy and united in opposition to its foreign and defence policy. Of Liberal and Labour support in the country there is literally none. The unattached voters are today mildly Socialist and strongly pacifist; they ought therefore to continue to support the Government. They certainly do not, and I can only suppose that it is because the unattached voters are mainly the younger post-war middle-class electorate who wish to see people nearer to their own age in charge of affairs.

Socialism and the Constitution

MR. LLOYD GEORGE apparently shares this view. He thinks that the characteristic mood of the average elector is a desire to plan and a keen distrust of the planners. Hence his well-staged reappearance. What effect it will have will depend on the composition of the next Parliament; that in its turn will depend on whether the cause of personal liberty, economic independence and individual enterprise has been finally abandoned by the titular leaders of conservatism. That such a betrayal is contemplated we have little doubt. Is not that the real meaning of the elaborate defence of parliamentarianism which has been a feature of the Government's platform campaign? If Parliamentary government

on the 19th century model is to work, there must be an agreement between the predominant parties on fundamentals, or, as continental theorists would say, about the régime. Discussion, debate, and the final arbitrament of a necessarily uninstructed public opinion as reflected, however inaccurately, in the composition of the House of Commons, are good enough methods of deciding between rival methods of achieving the same end. They are manifestly absurd as methods of deciding for generations to come the kind of society in which we are to live and the kind of life to which we are to be condemned. That decision must be a matter of general agreement. This is evident not only to the theorist or armchair critic, but perhaps even more so to the practical politician. No one seriously supposes that any chance Parliamentary majority could force Communism or revolutionary Socialism on the country constitutionally without the co-operation of the opposition. The Conservative party at the last election was the first party at any recent election to obtain even a clear majority of the votes of the electorate, and that majority was so little an indication of any real decisive rejection of alternative policies that experts are freely prophesying that the party will lose 200 seats at the next election. Without a complete break with constitutional practice, a definitely Socialist policy can never be carried except by general consent. For it to be carried in the face even of a relatively small minority, say of a quarter of the population, it would be found necessary not merely to confirm the verdict of the electorate by some such device as a referendum, but to interpose a period of delay in order to ensure that the wish to change the régime was positive, deep-seated and lasting.

A Grave Constitutional Issue

THESE are the questions which are exercising the minds of all serious politicians today. They are the gravest questions which have been in issue in English

politics for many generations—possibly since the religious controversies of the sixteenth century. Sir Stafford Cripps is prepared to face the issue openly and to make such breaches in constitutional practice as are necessary to enable a transient Parliamentary majority—almost certainly resting on a minority of votes in the country—to make irrevocable changes in the régime. It is obvious that the more cautious of the Socialist leaders, and notably Mr. Morrison, are anxious to avoid this issue—so anxious that they would prefer not to find themselves with a majority in the next House of Commons or, indeed, at any time until there is such a genuine and overwhelming demand for a change of the régime as will enable the change to be carried through without violating constitutional practice. This may satisfy the shortsighted among Conservatives, but only because they have not faced the practical issue. What is going to be done if, as is likely, we get not one, but two consecutive Parliaments with a small, but clear, Socialist majority? How in that event can even the most moderate and constitutionally minded Socialist leader avoid raising a constitutional crisis, and how can any opposition leader avoid taking up the challenge? If, as is probable, an effort was made by both leaders to avoid a conflict, power in both cases would pass to leaders of more extreme views.

Mr. Baldwin's Solution

WHAT is Mr. Baldwin's solution? It lies, if his speeches are to be read in their plainest meaning, in preserving the form of our Liberal institutions, our freedom of speech and freedom of conscience at the price of sacrificing the economic liberty of the people. We are, it seems likely, to be asked as the price of maintaining our Parliamentary institutions to sacrifice the liberties which they exist to defend. We are to be asked to accept as an evolutionary principle the gradual extension of Government control to all phases of our industrial

and economic life. We shall be allowed to discuss with becoming gravity the rival merits of boards or ministries, of ownership or control, of statutory and monopolistic corporations free from Parliamentary scrutiny or of Government enterprise subject to such control. We shall preserve our liberty of debate : on the one condition that we do not debate the question of liberty. We shall retain the keys of a fortress on the condition that we open its gates to the enemy.

Is the Indian Situation to be repeated ?

THIS is the probability. It must be examined without delay. The sands are running out. Is it too much to hope that the Conservative party has learnt its lesson over India—the grim lesson that causes will have their effects, that you cannot, however gallantly you fight, retrace decisive steps taken on the wrong road? There is no argument used against the Government's Indian proposals to which the Government made or could make an effective reply, and it is right and honourable that they who have been fighting this battle on the platform or in the Press should carry the fight on to the floor of the House of Commons. Those who, like Lord Lloyd, have had practical experience of the working of " safeguards " have no possible alternative, however futile the struggle, to the course they are adopting in warning the Government and the country of the inevitable issue of their policy. But the real lesson and the real value of the opposition to these proposals lies outside the Indian question as such. The Indian Bill will be passed; it may be and should be substantially improved. Conservatives of all schools of thought should unite on that and insist upon it. But the lessons of the disaster must be learnt. The first lesson is this: Parliamentary democracy involves party government and party discipline, but it turns to a bargain-hunting dictatorship if the discipline is imposed by the party organisation on its members instead of being imposed by the clearly defined

principles of its members on the organization and the leaders. In the choice of weapons, of times and seasons, the leader's word should be law. But parties, like other corporations, must have their articles of association, their fundamental principles on the maintenance of which members can rely as surely as investors in an insurance company can rely on their money not being used to finance a search for the elixir of life.

The practical importance of Principles

THE second lesson is this: Principles infect the mind of democracy rapidly and are very contagious. The modern political habit of accepting every high-sounding principle when it has a popular ring and trusting to luck or cunning to avoid putting it into practice is sometimes good electioneering, but always fatal to the well-being of the people. As the Liberal party proved during its great decades, it is of the essence of political wisdom (as it is of all other wisdom) to be ready to sacrifice immediate advantages time and again in order to preserve your principles intact. For it is to your principles that your supporters will rally from generation to generation, never to programmes, or leaders, or caucuses. Such phrases as responsible government being the goal of our Indian policy, and Dominion status as the definition of India's proper constitutional position under the Crown are political dynamite. They cannot be recalled once they are uttered, and since it is admittedly impossible to fulfil the hopes raised by either phrase the result is the confusion we see before us. The Liberal party were never frightened of the antithesis between free government and good government. Their policy of free government for South Africa and good government for India was openly stated and defended. So with the free trade policy. Free traders never ran away from the fact that protection would clearly benefit particular industries. They had the courage to tell those industries that they must suffer for what was held (at one time rightly and later quite

wrongly) to be the good of the country as a whole. The lesson for us to-day lies not in the wisdom or unwisdom of the policy, but in the clear understanding of the condition of political success which the battle for the defence of free trade showed. Conservatives, on the other hand, have not yet made up their mind whether the object of a tariff policy is revenue or exclusion, or, if revenue on some classes of goods and exclusion for others, they have not yet determined which are which. Is it the object of our policy to maintain the present numbers in agriculture or to increase them, to raise agricultural prices artificially while keeping the market for home produce restricted or to enable the farmer to produce on an economic basis by increasing the home market for his produce?

Where do we stand?

THESE questions could be extended indefinitely. In no sphere of national policy are the aims of the Conservative leaders defined. We hear with sickening regularity the cry that the Government must do something, but the objects are usually contradictory, even when the methods are the same. In the case of herrings, we are to control in order to reduce the price; with potatoes we wish to increase it by the same means. Both aims cannot be right and the method which achieves one will be unlikely to achieve the other. Or again, take monetary policy. The Government's policy, we presume, is cheap money. Has the policy an object? If so, presumably it is to encourage capital expenditure. If so, they wish that expenditure to be undertaken by private enterprise or else they contemplate returning to the old discarded policy of public works. In the one case they must define their policy towards private enterprise and so restore confidence instead of opposing new enterprises, as in the case of Atlantic shipping. In the other case they must be prepared to take the tide at the flood instead of losing the opportunity, as they did a very few weeks ago, of establishing public credit on a 2½ per cent. basis.

Questions which need an answer

THESE questions are not irrelevant to the present popularity of the Government in the constituencies. The Conservative party has never accepted the individualist point of view in its extreme form. It has always stood for the right and duty of the State to promote the health of society as a whole at the expense of individual interests. The modern cry for " action " by the Government, which arises in every conceivable emergency, is an absurdity, but the Government will secure the support of all Conservatives in any coherent effort it may make to restore industrial and agricultural prosperity. **It is, however, an essential principle of Conservatism that prosperity depends not on a rapid extension of Government control, still less on subsidies, and still less again on the creation of irresponsible monopolies, but on the restoration and systematic preservation of the conditions essential to a healthy system of private enterprise.** Even if experience had not proved again and again the inefficiency and rigidity of the very large industrial and commercial amalgamations which became fashionable soon after the War, there are over-riding objections of principle to this type of organization. When they are bolstered up by subsidy and effective competition is restrained or actually prevented, their evil becomes gross. Supporters of the Government are entitled to be assured that we are going to be led no further on these lines, that the health of individual enterprise and the free producer is regarded by the leaders of the Conservative party as the goal of their industrial and agricultural policy. To secure this end Conservatives will make many sacrifices, but they need a clear, precise and immediate assurance that this is indeed the end in view. Without such an assurance there will be wholesale Conservative abstentions from the poll at all future elections except when candidates come forward with an independent programme. The public also need a speedy re-assurance of the Conservative leaders'

attitude to those questions of personal liberty which mean so much to the individual citizen and so little, apparently, to the politicians. The Betting Act alone must have cost the Government hundreds of votes in recent bye-elections.

Modern Nonsense about Modern Conditions

IT is certainly true that there are some nominal Conservatives who no longer believe in private enterprise as a possible basis for industry to-day. These so-called "planners" may, of course, be right, but if they are right to-day they would have been equally right ten or twenty years ago and should have joined the Socialist party instead of paralysing the efficiency of the Conservative party. For what is wrong with them is not that they wish to plan, but that they are planning the wrong thing and a thing which is wrong not because of some temporarily unfavourable circumstance, but because of the inherent nature of men and things. That is, at least, the anti-Socialist case. If it is a bad case, there is nothing to be done but join the Socialist party. The idea that modern conditions have altered the nature or strength of the anti-Socialist case is fantastic to any one who has even a glimmering of what that case is. It rests first of all on the necessity for some automatic and self-regulating machinery for adjusting supply to demand, not only in relation to the efficiency of the process or product, but also in relation to the continuous change in the incidence of demand which is the reflection of industrial and social progress. The faster the process of social evolution, technical development, and scientific invention, the more vitally important to national progress is this automatic and self-regulating machinery of adjustment. This machinery is provided by the system of private enterprise and wholly destroyed by Socialism. The second foundation of the anti-Socialist case is the inseparable relationship that exists between personal and economic liberty. Without the latter, the former is an empty shell.

Socialism not only robs the producer of his liberty, but inevitably ends by robbing the consumer of his freedom of choice. This is as true of moderate Socialism as of Communism. The third foundation of the Conservative case is the ineradicable inefficiency of government enterprise as such and the grave risk of corruption. Neither corruption nor inefficiency is absent from private enterprise, but the first is quickly corrected by the non-Socialist State and in the nature of the case will be as surely concealed by the Socialist State: the second is corrected by the free play of competition, when it exists, and can only become an intolerable burden on the public where the State has created conditions prejudicial to effective competition. Such is a brief summary of the economic, moral and political objections to Socialism—none of them are or can be effected by "modern conditions."

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

WINTER SPORTS

Norway offers an infinite variety of Winter Sports. You may skate on splendid sheets of natural ice. You may ski over enormous tracts of varied country. There is no end to your enjoyment of good sport in bright sunshine and crisp invigorating air. Hotels and Pensions provide food and accommodation such as the sportsman craves, and the cost is comfortingly moderate, ranging from 8/- to 14/- per day incl.

Inclusive Tours at from £13 10 0 for 16 days

Ask your Travel Agent for the latest "Winter Sports Booklet" or write to—

NORWEGIAN STATE RAILWAYS
Sports Secretary
NORWAY HOUSE, 21/24, COCKSPUR STREET, S.W.1

NORWAY
THE HOME OF SKI-ING

India

By Major J. S. Courtauld, M.P.

PERHAPS the most surprising aspect of the controversy which is at present raging round the question of the future Government of India is the attitude which both the public and Members of Parliament are asked to adopt by their leaders.

It is in effect to accept their policy as a necessary evil and to regard any criticism or opposition as putting a weapon into the hands of Socialism at the next election. An unpalatable pill to be swallowed quickly before returning to a comfortable diet of parochial politics. More astonishing still and to many more sinister is the Liberal and anti-imperialist tone of the speeches of Conservative Statesmen. We are told that Tory ideals and the Conservative policy of the last century were mistaken, that the present trouble in Ireland could have been avoided if Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill had been accepted in the 'nineties and that safety for the Party lies in a revival of the Liberal "Little Englander" slogan of thirty and forty years ago.

Surely herein lies a great danger to Conservatism, a danger which sooner or later will have to be faced whatever may be the result of the General Election immediately ahead. It is difficult to believe that the people of this country will be prepared to relinquish their Imperial outlook so readily or to allow a question involving the future of our Eastern Empire to be decided by expediency or an appeal to fear. Fortunately, there are signs that there is a growing feeling of doubt and apprehension among those inside and outside Parliament and that when the Bill comes to be debated there will be few who will be prepared to let the matter go by default on the bare advice of party leaders.

Now that the Report of the Select Committee is available a study of the great problems involved is obviously the duty of everyone.

The first question which faces anyone who considers

the proposals of the Government for the future of India appears to be this: Is the inclusion of the peoples of the Indian peninsula as an integral part of the British Empire vital to the continued existence of that Empire? It may be assumed that the answer will be in the affirmative. This then leads to the next questions: Are there certain peoples who, owing to the accident of geographical position and climatic conditions, are not so well able to govern themselves as hardier races and, if so, do the peoples of India come into this category? Even though there may be some difference of opinion on these points, experience of human affairs and a cursory glance at history must surely lead the majority to give an affirmative reply to both these questions also. We are therefore led to the inevitable conclusion that to give to India a constitution approaching full Dominion Status is impossible now or hereafter. Men can give political liberty and they can give their education—but they cannot give their climate.

These facts are elementary, but one has an uneasy feeling that those wise and experienced gentlemen to whom has fallen the task of deciding this momentous issue have not, perhaps, approached it from the right end and have been working backwards from details of administration and expediency without ever arriving at the fundamental truths from which they should have started.

If these answers to the above questions can be accepted we are brought on to much more controversial ground. How far shall we go in giving responsibility to Indian leaders and politicians and in enlisting their help in the governing of their compatriots? The reply must be—just so far as will allow of no decrease in efficiency, taking another step forward only after proving the success of the last. It may well be that vague promises and anticipation have created a situation which demands a very long step at the present moment—even to the extent proposed in the Report of the Statutory Commission. But to propose responsible Government at the centre entailing the surrender of Parliamentary control of the internal

administration of India is to ignore conclusions already reached.

It is here that the battle must be joined and it is here that there can be no retreat by those who have taken their stand in opposition to the Government. It is absurd and perhaps a little unfair to ask the dissentients gracefully to accept the decision of the majority, whether of the Council of Conservative Associations or of the Members of either of the Houses of Parliament. These decisions were taken within two or three weeks of the publication of the Report of the Joint Select Committee and by many who had purposely refrained from forming an opinion or even discussing the matter until that report was in their hands. It is another disquieting fact that the authors of these far-reaching proposals have been at great pains to postpone any free and open discussion until the last possible moment and then, with a great show of reason, to produce the plea that a general agreement has been reached. It is not so that great Imperial questions have been dealt with in the past, and if Ireland is an exception it is a precedent which will hardly be advanced as one to follow.

Another argument which can be advanced is that we take a grave risk in allowing a question of this kind to be dealt with by a Coalition Government. So far from taking the matter out of Party politics it appears to have exacerbated party feeling, leaving no one party satisfied with the exception of a diminutive band of Liberals. There are many who hold that a wiser conclusion would have been reached if either of the great parties had been able to formulate a plan and been exposed to the searching criticism of a united opposition. It may be said that if we had had a long succession of Liberal Governments in the past there would be no British Empire to-day or if we had been ruled by a succession of Coalitions any Empire we might have possessed would by now be broken up.

Having dealt very shortly and no doubt inadequately with some general aspects of the situation, let us now

examine one question in particular. We are told by Government spokesmen that their final decision on the only possible form of self-government for India has been reached by an inevitable sequence of events leading to a logical and unavoidable conclusion. Previous reforms and experiments in India had led to the despatch of the Statutory Commission and the report of that Commission necessitated some far-reaching measure. It was while that report was being discussed that the distant ideal of an All-India Federation was made immediately possible by the sudden suggestion of certain Ruling Princes that they might be prepared to enter such a Federation forthwith. It can certainly be argued that if no such proposal had been made Parliament would now be discussing a measure giving Provincial Autonomy alone and leaving all idea of any Federal Government at the centre for the future. However that may be, the much wider scheme made possible by this unexpected offer was eagerly seized upon by the then Socialist Government, and upon the demise of that Government of evil memory its full Indian policy became a legacy to our present Cabinet. A succession of Conferences and Commissions has since slowly but surely been forcing the Government into the position of having to say that, subject to the reservation of control of the Army and Foreign Affairs no form of Autonomy short of complete control in the Provinces and at the centre is now possible; that an All-India Federation is essential to any advance and that no Federation is possible without the accession of the Rulers of the Native States. It has become quite clear, therefore, that the whole edifice rests on a foundation composed of the Ruling Princes. Perhaps it may be better expressed by saying that an arch is being built of which the keystone is the Princely Order. What then is the significance of this conclusion? It is that the agreement of the Princes to these proposals must be obtained at all costs and that if this agreement is withheld the whole building may fall to the ground. In these circumstances it might naturally be supposed that every

effort would be made to secure a free and untrammelled collective expression of opinion from the leading Princes. No consent given grudgingly or unwillingly can be of any value and certainly no consent given under pressure or persuasion could be considered. Unfortunately, this supposition appears to be wrong. No evidence of their eagerness to join a Federation, other than a somewhat grudging assent by certain of the larger and more independent Rulers, has so far been produced and what is even more disturbing is the fact that some very clear evidence to the contrary has been conveniently ignored. Ever since the late Jam Sahib of Nawanagar attempted, as Chancellor, to make a statement in the Chamber of Princes and was suppressed, the doubts and fears of other leading Princes have not been allowed to reach the British people. Furthermore many Government spokesmen have definitely given the impression that there is no difference of opinion upon this subject and that we are safe in assuming a unanimous acceptance of an All-India Federation. Nothing could be more misleading and nothing more repugnant to the British sense of justice and fair dealing.

An examination of the terms on which the Princes are invited to participate leaves one in doubt as to what they stand to gain or how their present position of complete independence, subject only to the Paramount Power, will be improved or strengthened. It is not necessary here to enumerate all the points on which they are bound to feel apprehensive, but if it is admitted that many doubts and fears are certainly present surely their right to express them and, if they then think fit, to reject the whole scheme must be admitted also. There is an uneasy and growing feeling both at home and in India that the Princes are being gently driven into a corner and left with only the choice of two evils, either to enter a Federation which they dislike or to stay outside and face an organised enmity from the politicians of the rest of India. Possibly it is already too late to rouse the British public to an appreciation of these facts. The Bill is already in existence and the Government is un-

doubtedly in a position to make it an Act of Parliament. Only the years ahead of us can show that it has been based on a fallacy. Even so the effort to instruct must be continued to the end.

If that great body of loyal and conservative opinion to which reference is so often made is found to have its conservativism impaired and its loyalty shaken by the political pressures and intrigues of the future, those responsible for the tragedy will have a lot to answer for. They are building their arch without even knowing that the keystone will be ready to their hands and without being sure that, if that keystone can be used, it will not be found to be hollow at the core and liable to turn to dust under the stresses and strains of an ill-constructed edifice.

Ocean Fugue

By Sir Patrick Ford

UNHURRIED, endless, with a half refrain
Of silence broken by an orchestra
Of flying foam-crests flurried by the wind,
And overreaching tops of curving seas
Drumming on solid waters in their fall,
Or buffeting mere man's adventurous prows—
Now in high ridges and in furrows deep,
Alternate, varied in their length and breadth,
Their height and depth, yet all monotonous
In their relentless forward rise and fall
In limitless succession surging on
From out a soulless, vague immensity,
So move the tides of ocean in their course,
Stirr'd by an impulse vast, an urge profound.

Jade-green translucence deepening to black
And dense opaqueness—black and green alike
Fleck'd with the snowy flakes of breeze-blown spume—
Ocean's huge surface travails in the strong
And rhythmic tumult of unresting waves—
A baffled singer with a song half sung
Forever trembling upon eager lips—
A song of movement rather than of sound—
Forever gathering its forces up,
Forever hush'd before the final fugue
Reaches that full completion, that attain'd
And bursting on creation's startled sense,
It seems—so menacing its growing might—
Must storm the outworn bulwarks of the land
And whelm the world in universal flood.

Against Raising the Compulsory School Age

By Sir John Gilbert, K.B.E., LL.D.

(*Chairman, L.C.C. Education Committee*, 1913–7, 1928–32.)

MANY educationists, some widely experienced, appear to hold the view that a panacea for all educational ills at the present time would be to raise the compulsory school age to 15 years by legislation in all schools on an appointed day.

When an explanation as to the benefits likely to accrue to the pupils concerned is sought, no reply is ordinarily vouchsafed. In view of the great efforts to raise the age, it may be well, therefore, for one who is opposed to the project, mainly on educational grounds, to state his case again.

(1) Young people wishing to remain at school voluntarily for another year after 14 years can do so if their parents desire, but, of course, they can leave at any time after fourteen.

(2) A great educational reform should not be adopted generally, except on definite educational grounds. The present proposal is really intended to deal with unemployment.

(3) If parents are to be compelled to keep their children at school for a further year, involving considerable sacrifice on their part, they should at least have the assurance that something educationally worth while will be received by the pupils in the schools. So far as the writer can ascertain, neither the Board nor the authorities have devised any arrangements to provide special courses for this purpose. If the pupils simply marked time for a year, it would be disastrous, for nothing could be worse for the schools than the existence of a feeling of boredom.

(4) To raise the age, too, as proposed, would be against the trend of the more advanced authorities who have developed post-primary courses varying in character, selecting an appropriate avenue for the individual pupil,

working by voluntary effort, with the co-operation of parents and employers, and with successful results. London, for example, has now secondary, selective central, trade, technical, junior and senior commercial, and evening continuation schools or institutes, all attracting and retaining bright pupils beyond 14 years, without grants, except those gained as scholarships or exhibitions.

(5) What would happen to pupils of 14 to 15 years in these post-primary courses if the school age were raised as proposed? The effect on some would be ruinous, especially if, as would probably be the case, maintenance allowances, even to the extent of those included in the Trevelyan Bill, were granted. In such an event, how would it be possible to retain in the post-primary institutions mentioned above pupils who had had maintenance grants in the elementary schools the previous year? Moreover, it would be difficult to persuade pupils not in receipt of grants to remain in post-primary schools when they received grants if they returned to elementary schools. If grants for 14 to 15 years were allowed in ordinary schools, what logical grounds would there be to refuse similar grants to children of 13 to 14 years?

(6) It is admitted that the first year—14 to 15 years—in the evening continuation schools, in the junior commercial and technical schools, and in the part-time day continuation schools would be destroyed, if the age were raised, which would be a serious blow to their future existence.

(7) None of the supporters of further compulsion will face the financial question: Where is the cost to come from? Neither the State nor the authorities can find it. Who will provide the maintenance grants, and who will distribute them? None of these problems have been thought out. If there are large sums of public money available, they could be expended much more effectively in other directions—scholarships, size of classes, selective central schools, trade schools.

(8) Furthermore, those desiring to extend the compulsory school age will not tackle the non-provided school problem, which must be settled satisfactorily before the original question can be dealt with. More than one-third of the children in the elementary schools attend non-provided schools, and unless legislation can be carried, making building and site grants permissible for these schools, nothing can be done. The fate of Sir Charles Trevelyan's last Bill was determined by a non-provided school amendment, moved and carried against the Government by the late Mr. John Scurr, to the effect that the original Bill should not come into force until another had been passed giving to non-provided schools from public funds the money they were required to expend as a result of the effects of the original Bill. The non-provided schools block the way and so far no effort has been made to tackle the problem.

(9) No more compulsion should be allowed. Progress in continued education should be made on a voluntary basis by co-operation with parents and employers. It may be urged that this is a slow process which would take years to complete. With goodwill a great deal more could be accomplished, since within recent years the evening continuation school scheme in London, with all the post-primary institutions with which it is associated, enrolled in one year nearly 250,000 students—a most encouraging result for the voluntary system. Among this huge number there must be many between 14 and 15 years doing admirable post-primary work. Would it not be reprehensible to turn this age group away from the continuation schools and put them back to the ordinary elementary schools, probably to mark time for a year?

(10) Other considerations should also be taken into account: panic legislation seldom succeeds: to raise the age because of the vast amount of unemployment amongst young people would come under this category.

To-day young people over 14 years should not be

dealt with *en masse*. Their individual characteristics should be provided for in appropriate post-primary directions.

Now that the senior schools are in being, would it not be better to await further experience with them before dealing with the age group of 14 to 15 years *en masse?*

The writer does not want further compulsion, but if it is to be used, why have the part-time compulsory day continuation sections of the Fisher Act been overlooked? They have worked with marked success in certain towns in the Midlands, owing to the co-operation of employers.

(11) There are two definite alternatives which, in the writer's opinion, should be used. The Government juvenile instruction centres, which stand apart, and do not interfere with any arrangements of the national system, should be given a generous trial: the extension of the voluntary system should be more generally adopted. Every post-primary aid available should be brought in to help the individual pupil.

To sum up, no increase in the compulsory school age is desired because—

(*a*) The schools should not be turned "topsy-turvy" merely to deal with unemployment.

(*b*) No educational advantage would accrue to the new age group.

(*c*) The serious reactions to many forms of post-primary work would be disastrous.

(*d*) There is no financial provision.

(*e*) The non-provided school question remains unsettled.

Can there be any doubt from what has been said that the further increase in the compulsory school age would be a grave mistake?

It remains to explain that the writer's experience has been mainly in London, but he understands that the difficulties might be greater in rural areas.

An Asturian Excursion

By Luis A. Bolin

PART I.

I LEFT Madrid one sunny morning early in November, northward bound by car with a friend. The city had recovered the gaiety which it lost for a few days during the revolution, and as we passed through the Gran Vía, a large crowd was admiring the longest fire-escape in the world. It had been placed against a modern structure known as the Capitol, built partly in the style of an American "tower"; a fireman had reached an awesome height and was climbing steadily towards the roof.

We followed the magnificent road that leads to the summit of the León Pass in the Guadarrama mountains, and looking backwards, we saw the hills of Toledo, 70 miles away. We could have seen beyond them had they not blocked the view. The heights in front of us were white with snow, and there were patches of it on the road, but the air was dry, and the sun was brilliant and warm. It was chillier on the Northern slope, in the shade of the tall pine trees, and inside the village of San Rafael, a summer resort for the people of Madrid.

We were entering the plains of Castille, and the scenery had changed for the first time. Instead of snow-capped mountains and woods, a barren steppe dotted with villages, their houses huddled round the fortress-like churches. Great pages of Spanish history are written over this land, which despite its apparent desolation is the backbone of national unity, and welds all other regions together. Segovia was somewhere on our right, twenty miles away, and we could have got to Avila in half an hour by turning left at Villacastín, a town where the streets look like cloisters. This was the land of Santa Teresa and of the great Isabella, and in homage to her memory we decided to visit Arévalo, which she knew well, for she was born at Madrigal de las Altas

Torres, close by. My friend had lived at Arévalo as a small boy, in a rambling old place that had stables for 365 horses, a haunted garden, and walls over a yard thick.

We found the old palace transformed into the local hotel. It had lost much of its atmosphere, but for the equivalent of seven and sixpence it served three people with a meal that included three courses of good and abundant food, admirably cooked, two bottles of delicious wine, excellent coffee, and tips. Beyond Arévalo the white, sandy ground was covered with young pine trees as far as Medina del Campo, where the imposing Castle de la Mota towers over railway sidings, and houses as red as its own battlements. The country now changed again, for we were approaching the fertile plains watered by the Douro. We crossed the river at Tordesillas, where it swirls past the wide bridge with an ease that seems to point to the endless vitality of tradition. The Douro is the Loire of Spain; there are castles along its banks, and many Kings of Castille fought for them in their wars against the Moors and the nobles. It was in the vast Palace of Tordesillas that the mad Juana, sister of Catherine of Aragón and mother of Charles V, pined in solitary jealousy for her profligate husband, Philip the Beau.

A short run took us to Valladolid, past the Archive of Simancas, one of the richest in Spain. Sunset was approaching as we entered Medina de Rioseco, where some people had been killed or wounded by bombs thrown during the revolution. We drank a glass of beer, served in the semi-darkness of an old mansion by a woman who told us that she was ninety-three, that it was high time some of her boys got married, and that she knew exactly what ought to be done with those who stirred up revolutions.

It was impossible to reach Oviedo that night. We had still to cross the Pajares Pass, probably thick with snow, so we resolved to stay at León. As we travelled

towards this city we saw an endless stream of peasants, driving cattle back from some big market town; they must have walked miles that day, for it was some time before we saw them going in the opposite direction, and they were still plodding on as we entered León, one of the coldest places I have known. A thin biting wind blew right through us as we looked at the wonderful Gothic Cathedral in the pale light of the moon. Behind us, in the Square, the balconies of a small house bore the legend: "Círculo Radical-Socialista." We hurried back to the warmth of our comfortable hotel, and returned to the Cathedral in the morning, to admire the unrivalled stained-glass and the pure, rhythmical lines of the interior.

North of León the road rises steadily, and after losing height in a sharp dip at La Robla, starts a steep climb towards the summit of the Pass. We had left behind the most peaceful land in Spain, and were about to enter the scene of the fiercest fighting in the Socialist revolution. It was only on this stretch of road that we were held up throughout our tour, first by men riding in a powerful lorry, that had run short of petrol, and later by Civil Guards or soldiers who, with a glance at the permit of our car, bade us courteously on our way. The men in the lorry looked as if they might have played a part in the rising; they gratefully accepted a gallon of petrol and, in return, informed us that we would soon see signs of the fighting, and that one could just get over the Pass, though there was plenty of snow on the road. There was. A few miles farther on, as we drew to one side to make room for another car, our front wheel fell into a ditch hidden by the snow, and remained there. An Army lorry that came tearing towards us pulled up in view of our plight, and the driver and his mate, two smart and smiling soldiers of the Engineers, jumped out to help us. They worked with great willingness, but in the course of their efforts to tow us out their lorry also fell into the ditch, and it was over an hour before both cars were able to go on.

The gradient on the other side was about one in six and a half, and at times there was a precipice on each side. Several people were skiing merrily over the slopes to the left, and the scenery was really magnificent. As far as the eye could see there was an unending chain of mountains; the peaks were white, and a brilliant sun shone between the dark clouds. Snow had fallen to the fringes of the woods, russet and brown in their autumn foliage; and, beyond them, green pastures extended to the banks of a river, running with torrential force through the winding valley.

It was over this road that a column of troops came from León to engage the rebels in the mining villages further down. It accomplished this objective not only thanks to the skill of General Balmes, who relieved the officer commanding the column after a few days, but also because of an amazing, and fortunate, lack of strategy on the part of the rebels, who, had they been ably led, could have held the Pass against vastly superior forces. To some extent they made use of their advantages, and by means of well-posted snipers, machine guns and barrels of dynamite, sent rolling down with lighted fuses, they inflicted severe casualties on the León column; but General Balmes soon cleared the heights before allowing his men to advance, and the rebels took to their houses, where they were no match for the troops. The nature of the ground made the advance extremely difficult, and similar obstacles were encountered by the columns sent from the West under the command of General López Ochoa, who played an important part in the first stage of the relief of Oviedo, while other troops hurried from the East, and the Foreign Legion and Native Regulars attacked the city from the North, admirably led by Lieutenant-Colonel Yagüe, who was the real hero of the operations.

It was to investigate how these operations had been conducted that a foreign committee arrived during our stay in Asturias. In this way my friend and I managed

to be of some assistance to Lord Listowel, who, with Miss Ellen Wilkinson and two others, reached Oviedo early one morning. A Spanish newspaper has stated that they came to Spain under the impression that, in this country, a strange one for many, even in normal circumstances, revolutionaries are men of gentle disposition, who keep the peace or sit knitting by the fire, while Conservatives, priests, Army officers and reactionaries in general rush out wildly, throwing bombs and burning houses, and making a real nuisance of themselves. The paper added that, hearing that revolutionaries were being persecuted in Spain for their good behaviour, a foreign committee had come over to investigate matters.

The identity of the committee was apparent, and when we discovered it in a café soon after its arrival, we felt bound by the laws of hospitality to acquaint its members with the real situation. I first approached a Spanish interpreter who accompanied the party. Later I was informed of the significant fact that this person had some connection with Casares Quiroga, Minister of the Interior in the Azaña Cabinet. If this be true, he was probably able to give his friends an inside account of the suspension by that Minister, without cause, of 114 newspapers, some of them for periods extending to as much as four months; and he could also talk about the deportation in a cattle-ship to a desolate spot of the Saharan coast of 140 men, who had never been tried or sentenced, many of whom were subsequently declared innocent of any charge. In fact, he was in a position to speak with authority of how liberty and justice flourish under the rule of the Left.

I approached this interpreter courteously enough, but when I spoke he made as if to ward off a blow. Finding that I could obtain nothing from him, I addressed myself to Lord Listowel, and told him as plainly as possible that the purpose of his visit was objectionable to most Spaniards, that the best thing he could do was to leave Spain with his friends, and that no committee such as his would have been allowed in any country by

a Government that knew its duty. The Earl replied that he had a letter from the Prime Minister, as well as an appointment with Commander Doval which he was most anxious to keep. Meanwhile my friend was also speaking plain English to Miss Wilkinson and her colleagues. At that moment the group was joined by a gentleman of rather terrifying aspect, a popular and quite harmless character whose large face, rapid speech, flaming eyes, and voluminous lips, together with a black band which he wore on the left arm of his mackintosh, made such an impression on the party that they went off without further ado in search of Commander Doval.

We felt that we had not quite discharged our obligations towards Lord Listowel and his friends, so in due course we reported to the Commander and placed ourselves at his disposal. Commander Doval is an extremely able Civil Guard officer, who was entrusted by the Government with the task of rounding up the rebels after the revolution, and has gained great credit in the fulfilment of this duty. He handled the case before him with the utmost tact and courtesy. By the time he was ready to interview the party at his headquarters in the Diputación Provincial, a large and hostile crowd had gathered before the building. The people of Oviedo had no use for foreign committees who sympathized with the rebels, and, had it not been for the measures adopted by Commander Doval to protect Lord Listowel and his friends, they might have had a rough and unpleasant time.

The Commander asked me to act as his interpreter during the interview. He stated that in view of the circumstances that had arisen, and of his instructions to assist the party in every way, he was willing to provide it with cars in which to leave Oviedo safely, escorted by the Civil Guard. Lord Listowel immediately accepted this offer, but asked if he could visit the town, for he had read in England that it had been completely destroyed, and, as far as he could judge, this was not the case. I then told him that on his way from the Station he had passed a long row of buildings in the

main street—Calle Uría—of which only the outer walls remained, and I added that if he was unable to appreciate what this meant, his journey had evidently been wasted. Nevertheless, Commander Doval agreed to the proposal, and asked my friend and myself to accompany the party on their tour. With this the interview ended.

While we waited for the cars we did our best to explain the truth of what had happened at Oviedo. Our words must have made some impression, for though we declared ourselves ready to answer any questions which the committee might think fit to ask, Lord Listowel replied that, after what we had said, any questions would be superfluous. All this time the Man with the Black Armlet had been pacing up and down the hall, glaring ferociously and talking with much gestures to a group of acquaintances. My friend had just been describing the personal experiences of many people during the revolution, and in reply to a question about the identity of the ferocious one and the meaning of his armlet, he made the alarming announcement that he was one of those whose personal grievances against the rebels were something beyond description. I heard subsequently that the Man with the Black Armlet had not been in Oviedo during the rising, and that his chief claim to fame was that he had inspired a celebrated humorist with the idea of a play, based on certain aspects of his personality.

When the first three members of the party appeared on the steps of the Diputación Provincial, the crowd hissed and booed with great fury, broke through the police cordon, and surrounded the cars in a threatening attitude. The Earl of Listowel had lingered behind, with the polite object of holding the door open while one of us passed before him. I happened to be the one to whom this act of courtesy was dedicated, but, being in my own country, I could not dream of accepting the honour. Lord Listowel sallied out alone.

We left in four cars—two were occupied by the party and their escort, a third by my friend and myself, and a

fourth contained several Civil Guards, armed with rifles. There was a great burst of speed to escape from the hostile inhabitants. I alighted and, after consulting with the Captain in charge, asked Lord Listowel whether he and his friends would care to go back and inspect the ruined city. My offer was hurriedly refused, and the committee went on its way after we had retrieved some luggage from the Station. Lord Listowel has since complained of his treatment, but in the circumstances it would have been unwise to prolong his visit or to break his journey. He and his friends were provided with free and rapid transport to the frontier in comfortable cars, and they enjoyed an opportunity of discovering that Spain has nothing to show to people who come to investigate absurd rumours about matters that only concern Spaniards.

SPAIN!

The Ideal Holiday

Motoring leisurely and in perfect comfort along the highways of Spain by Daimler Pullman. You see the life of the people in their fascinating towns and country. **CATALONIA,** Barcelona and Montserrat. **VALENCIA** and the Mediterranean Coast, **ANDALUCIA** and Moorish Spain, **THE SIERRA NEVADA,** Granada and the Alhambra. **SEVILLA,** home of Spanish dancing and song, **CORDOVA** and the Great Mosque, **THE SIERRAS** and the Don Quixote Country, **TOLEDO,** home of the Inquisition, **NEW CASTILE,** Madrid, **OLD CASTILE,** Burgos and **THE BASQUE PROVINCES.**

LAMMIN TOURS

53 HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

'Phone: WHITEHALL 1123

Herr Hitler's Constructive Policy

By E. W. D. Tennant

A SMOKE screen of anti-Hitler propaganda continues to obscure from the outside world the nature of current developments in Germany, and it must be admitted that the Nazis themselves provide much inflammable material, of which the following make up the chief ingredients :—

1. The continued defamation of the whole Jewish race, combined with the persecution of certain Jewish elements within Germany.

2. Failure to withdraw or modify the threats against France, as recorded in Herr Hitler's book " Mein Kampf."

3. The events of 30 June, 1934.

4. The Church dispute.

5. Herr Alfred Rosenberg's strange behaviour as " Supervisor of Intellectual Training for the National Socialist Party," his hostility to " nineteenth-century ideas," and his books on Nazi philosophy which are accepted abroad as evidence that the rulers of Germany wish to encourage the worship of Thor and Wotan. These books are, in fact, second only to the publications of Herr Streicher in the effect that they have had on the judgment of foreign nations in relation to Germany.

6. The existence, now as always, in Germany of a small, but forceful, clique who openly praise brutality as strength and sneer at tolerance as weakness.

Yet, were the United States of America, France, Spain and several other countries daily to be examined under the same powerful microscope and searched with the same careful scrutiny for subjects for abuse and mockery, the diagnosis in each case would be as bad as or worse than in the case of Germany.

Those who have penetrated the smoke-screen and come into contact with the facts of German life to-day,

have discovered to their surprise not only that everything bad had been magnified and the good minimized, but that there was some justification even for the events of 30 June.

Much has, admittedly, happened and still is happening in Germany that is repugnant to English minds, but freedom of thought and political liberty require a minimum standard of tranquillity and well-being in which to exist. They will return again in Germany. Not 10 per cent. of the population have noticed any diminution of liberty since the advent to power of Hitler, and of the comparatively few who may be feeling some restraint, many realize that a certain control during the present revolution is unavoidable, and that it was better to sacrifice something when the alternative was to lose all. Herr Hitler is now strong enough to be able to turn his attention and devote his energies to removing some, at least, of the principal causes of suspicion or complaint. That should be the next step forward, and I believe that it will be to a great extent accomplished in 1935.

Although current comments in the British Press about Germany deal mainly with the Saar, the Church dispute, Herr Rosenberg's philosophy and rearmament, these are to the German people matters of secondary importance compared with the increase of employment and the progressive organization of the resources of the whole country so that all shall have a share of what the nation produces. This, the most constructive and important side of Herr Hitler's policy, has received but small attention abroad, yet it is mainly on the success or failure of his conceptions of Socialism, as embodied in the programme of the National Socialist Party, that the success or failure of Hitler depends. To understand Herr Hitler's hold over the German people it is necessary to understand the fundamental principles of the German form of Socialism that 80 per cent. of the population have embraced with such enthusiasm.

National Socialism requires that every individual should be prepared to offer to the common pool for use or resale anything he can spare for the poor and needy. A good National Socialist must regard the welfare of the community as a whole as more important than his individual comfort. The response to Hitler's demands for "sacrifices" and the generous contributions towards the Winter Relief Services show that large numbers are acting on these principles. On October 9, at the formal opening of the Winter Relief Campaign, Herr Hitler said, "I expect every one to make sacrifices within his means. I really mean sacrifices, for I see little to praise in a wealthy man giving the same amount as one who can barely make ends meet." Herr Hitler invited all to co-operate either as donors or voluntary helpers. "Co-operation," he said, "is not an act of charity but evidence of national unity. It is our duty to help the victims of distress. The nation must realize that the needy are as much a part of our people as those more favoured by fortune."

The magnitude of the response has been surprising and makes our own efforts for the Depressed Areas seem rather shabby. The reports in our Press about the "hard winter" in Germany will be falsified by the fact that the Winter Relief Service has in hand enough fuel, potatoes and other foodstuffs, voluntarily provided, to ensure that no one need go cold or hungry; though "voluntarily" must be qualified if judged by British standards, in that in many cases the pressure of public opinion amounts almost to coercion. The Service is controlled by the Bureau of National Welfare with a vast organization mainly run by voluntary helpers. It has 34 area offices, 1,000 district offices and more than 20,000 sub-offices.

The figures for this winter are not yet published, but are expected to be in excess of last year. Last winter the value of contributions in cash and kind exceeded 350 million Reichsmarks (£27 million), the cash donations amounting to 184 million, while total expenses were less

than 3½ million Reichsmarks, or under 1 per cent. The main items collected and distributed were :—

1,657,730 pairs of shoes,
2,651,673 eggs,
5,969,109 litres of milk,
6,526,600 pounds of sugar,
12,333,960 loaves of bread,
15,043,634 cwts. of potatoes,
53,000,000 cwts. of coal,
78,175,843 Reichsmarks worth of wearing apparel.

Distribution on such a scale was only made economically possible by the fact that the railways grant free transport for donations for the Winter Relief Service. Over 16½ million persons, or about 25 per cent. of the whole population, received assistance, and as Dr. Goebbels said: "66 millions of Germans thereby furnished proof of a truly national feeling of solidarity."

It is curious that our Press regard this Winter Relief Service rather as a subject for merriment or ill-concealed satisfaction than for study. Hitler's inaugural speech was placarded throughout London by one evening paper under the heading "Hitler squeals." The magnitude of the effort is so obvious that the poor and unemployed realize that the whole nation is sharing with those less fortunate. They also feel that nothing is being wasted. Surplus produce in private gardens, orchards and farms or estates is no longer allowed to rot, but is being collected to share among those who need it.

No money is distributed; all cash collected is used for the purchase of food and fuel. The main sources of income are from voluntary deductions on salaries, wages and monthly contributions. These amounted last year to over 90 million Reichsmarks—contributions from the one-pot monthly Sunday lunch 25 million Reichsmarks, while street collections, sale of rosettes, etc. brought in between 10 and 20 million Reichsmarks. The one-pot monthly meal is compulsory in that on one Sunday per

month throughout Germany every family, household, hotel and restaurant is limited to one simple course, usually costing not more than 6d. per head, and the amount saved between this simple meal and the amount usually spent on the Sunday repast has to be handed over to the local Relief Service funds.

Donations in kind are mainly supplied by the agricultural communities and the peasants and small farmers, as well as the landowners, send contributions of potatoes, vegetables, milk or eggs. It will be obvious that collection and distribution on such a scale requires a big organization. Last winter the number of unpaid workers employed under the scheme was about 1½ million persons with 4,000 salaried employees. Most of these volunteers were persons otherwise employed who freely gave two or three hours a day of their spare time, just as several million others in Germany are now giving some hours' free work a day to the service of their country on other duties.

The Winter Relief Service is supplementary and additional to the regular unemployment insurance and allowances which go on as before, being intended "to express the National Socialist mind whose aim is to do more than is usually considered necessary."

During the coming winter, in addition to practical assistance, the Relief Service is arranging to provide amusements and entertainments of various kinds free of charge for the poor for the purpose of raising their morale and abolishing class misunderstanding by encouraging class contacts.

All the above is additional to the war being waged against unemployment, and within less than two years the German unemployment figures are down from over 6 million to little over 2 million. In considering this figure it should be remembered that unemployment returns in Germany cover agricultural and black-coated workers, practically no category of worker being excluded from the scheme. There is no attempt to minimize the extent of unemployment, which is widely advertised as

a national disgrace, a horrible sore in the nation's body, and as a result the whole country has been roused to make extraordinary efforts to find a remedy. I have heard Herr Hitler say that it is unemployment, not war, that is the greatest danger because, if too many are unemployed then, in despair, they may turn to Communism and that can destroy civilization.

Provinces and large towns are encouraged to compete one against the other to reduce unemployment, and periodically the results are published. There is a national enthusiasm to combat unemployment and everyone who can afford to take on another hand is spurred on to do so. The changed attitude to "work" is also worth noting. The conception of a worker or "toiler," as the Communist pamphlets call him, is being replaced by a different conception of the word. Workers are no longer considered as a class but as representatives of their particular craft, as in the former guilds, where the grades include employers and employees.

By his scheme of Arbeitsdienst or public works service Herr Hitler is raising the status of manual labour, which is now attracting thousands of youths who would otherwise have drifted into the overcrowded black-coat professions. Every young man, irrespective of class or position, is compelled to give one year's work to the State (except students who serve for a shorter period), during which period he must live in one of the 1,500 Government labour camps which are scattered all over Germany. Special employment exchanges guarantee to find the men work on completion of service, and they leave the camps disciplined, with muscles hard and with class and provincial prejudices greatly modified, because the "camps" (as a rule they consist of permanent buildings with electric light and central heating) are deliberately made up of men from widely separated districts so as to help replace provincial loyalties by a larger patriotism.

The improvement in relations between capital and

labour has been helped by the formation of the Deutsche Arbeits Front (German Labour Front) created to replace the Trade Unions, one of whose main objectives is to make it possible "for every individual to occupy his place in the economic system of the nation in such mental and physical condition as to guarantee the maximum efficiency." Membership is compulsory for both employers and employees of all firms, whether industrial or commercial, provided they employ twenty persons or more. Although the employer or directors remain in control, in every firm there is a Deutsche Arbeits Front Committee on which the staff is represented, and at its regular meetings the social and health welfare of the staff is fully discussed, as well as matters of interest concerning the business. Once a year the whole staff, plus directors, plus wives, are required to take a day's outing together to create class contacts. This has proved useful. Wages of all lower grades are fixed by Government and cases of dispute between the employers and the staff committees must be referred to Government arbitrators appointed for the main trade groupings in all districts on the lines of English Trade Boards. Their decision is final and they are empowered to remove incompetent, unsuitable or dishonest employers or employees. Strikes or lock-outs are thereby rendered impossible. The results have been surprising—the relations between employer and employee have improved beyond recognition and the morale of the working classes changed from a state of suspicious hostility to one of friendly co-operation.

Much is being done to encourage spending to create employment, and purchases of many articles, such as motor-cars, furniture, cutlery, typewriters, etc. (but not food and amusements), can be deducted as an expense against returns for income tax, it being considered that the exchequer will benefit more by saving unemployment relief than it will lose in reduction of income tax from individuals. Similarly, the building and decorating

trades are being stimulated through Government subsidies for new houses and for redecorating old ones.

Hundreds of chemists are working on finding substitutes for materials hitherto imported, not only with a view to helping Germany's foreign exchange difficulties, though that is an important consideration, but also as a means of finding new sources of employment. If anything can be produced inside of Germany then, provided the cost of production is not unreasonably high and provided the goods are for internal consumption, the Germans are prohibiting or curtailing importation. They believe that it will be cheaper to manufacture themselves and thus keep men employed rather than pay unemployment relief at a cost of 1,000 marks per man per annum. To get another million men into work would save 1,000 million marks per annum, and the Government would prefer to take this money out of the dole reserves and use it for subsidizing industry—to put men into work rather than pay it out to the unemployed.

The masses feel that Herr Hitler is making an effort to help them, different from anything that has happened before, and they are responding. He has appealed to them to come in as partners and he has to-day behind him a united people. Matters like the Church dispute and the Saar are only pinpricks in which but a fraction of the nation are interested, and as long as unemployment is falling the popular view is that things generally are improving.

The Germans anticipate that the outcome of the Saar plebiscite will be a vote between 80 per cent. and 90 per cent. in favour of a return to Germany; they discount disturbances in the Saar as the consequences of the machinations of Social Democrats, Communists and refugees. The situation at Memel offers in their view more threatening possibilities than the Saar. They are not in a mood to stand " nonsense " from Lithuania.

To an Englishman's questions about their Church dispute, the Germans reply by suggesting that criticism of

their internal religious affairs comes ill from a nation which invited Russia, the declared enemy of all religion, to join the League of Nations. The German Church dispute, they add, is not a matter of dogma and only indirectly concerned with religion. Before Herr Hitler united the whole of Germany as one nation by abolishing the 28 different States, there were 28 different churches. Before the 1918 revolution the 28 different rulers were the heads of their respective churches, each with a bishop at the head. After the 1918 revolution and the establishment of republics, these local bishops became virtually heads of their respective churches. When Herr Hitler absorbed the 28 States in a united Germany he wished to absorb the 28 churches into a united German church under one head or Reichsbishop, in the same way as the Archbishop of Canterbury is Primate of the Church of England. But several of the 28 bishops resent losing their independence and having to submit to Herr Hitler's nominee. Probably the situation has not been handled as tactfully by the Reichsbishop as it might have been—that is a German weakness—but the matter is mainly a dispute about internal organization and only of interest to a small minority of Germans. At the same time there is a definite religious revival in Germany and more than 150,000 persons have rejoined the Lutheran Church within the last twelve months.

Hitler is merely attempting to bring the Protestant German Church into line with conditions ruling in the Church of England, of which, under the Act of Uniformity, the King is the Supreme Head and Governor appointing all bishops on the advice of the Prime Minister and a great number of clergy on the advice of the Lord Chancellor.

I am convinced that Herr Hitler wants peace, and that it would not be difficult to make a satisfactory peace pact with Germany, including limitation of naval, military and air forces, provided their right to equality was confirmed.

As to rearmament Germany is certainly rearming for defence and she will no doubt aim at rearming up to equality on land and in the air, but not on the sea. She is so far behind the other great Powers and so short of essential raw materials and money for rearmament on a grand scale that the scare headlines in our Press seem rather ridiculous.

Much of the general unfriendliness towards Germany results from Hitler's attitude to the Jews. That has been a mistake which cannot be defended, but 90 per cent. of the trouble is now being caused by "international" Jews, who have no deep roots in any country, and the National German Jews bitterly resent the anti-German activities of International Judaism. On October 26th, 1934, at a crowded meeting in Berlin of the Union of National German Jews it was unanimously resolved that "the National German Jews would rather starve among their non-Jewish German compatriots than accept any concessions from those Jews who are engaged in the revengeful boycott against Germany from abroad."

It is probable that this Union represents but a fraction of the Jews domiciled in Germany, but public protests against the anti-German propaganda from abroad have been and continue to be made by innumerable other Jewish organizations, Jewish newspapers and prominent Jews in Germany and are of so sincere and vigorous a nature as to remove suspicion that they are merely being made in self-protection.

Further constructive policy, developed under Herr Darré, the Minister for Agriculture, has already made Germany practically self-supporting in foodstuffs. When Hitler came into power German farmers, overburdened with debt and the threat of forced sales, were faced with ruin.

During the eight years of Social Democracy which preceded the advent of Hitler agricultural indebtedness increased from 3 milliards to 12 milliards Reichsmarks (£30 to £120 million sterling), while income fell from 10

milliards to 6½ milliards, and reduced production made Germany increasingly dependent on imports of food and fodder.

Within a few months of Herr Hitler becoming Chancellor hope and confidence returned, and to-day, thanks to the Reichs Law for Hereditary Farms, every German farmer knows that not only he but also his descendants will remain free men as the mortgaging of agricultural land is made impossible. Another law, the Reichsnährstandgesetz, has abolished speculation in the price of agricultural produce, which is no longer subject either to speculation or to the laws of supply and demand but is fixed in advance by Government decree, so that the farmer knows how much he will receive and no longer feels in danger of ruin through price fluctuation.

The ancient feud, long existent in Germany, between town and country has at last been settled because, for the first time, the townsfolk realize that the farmers also are putting the national interest above their own.

It was important for Hitler to win over the farmers, for in Germany agriculture employs more people than industry and commerce combined, and within the last twelve months many hundreds of thousands of workers have been re-absorbed into agriculture. And although the prices of agricultural products have risen in Germany during the last 18 months and are now above the average prices of other European countries, yet no one has suffered because, while the general cost of living had risen to 105.2 per cent. in the third quarter of 1934 compared with 100 per cent. in January, 1933, when Hitler became Chancellor, the average national income is now 129.1 per cent. as compared with 100 per cent. at the same date, showing that there has been a 24 per cent. increase in purchasing power.

Forestry is another branch of agriculture where remarkable progress has been made, prices have increased, labour has been absorbed, and nearly 200,000 acres of land replanted, whilst the huge increase in the manufac-

ture of artificial silk and the development of artificial wool from beech woods assures the maintenance of timber prices.

The recent harvest was satisfactory and Germany's present reserves of home-grown wheat and rye allow her to export on a small scale, and there are ample supplies of home-grown roots, greenstuffs, oats and barley. She still has to import some 70,000 tons of peas, beans and lentils, mainly from Holland, Poland and Denmark, which are paid for by the export of manufactured goods and chemicals. The potato crop of about 40 million tons is three times in excess of what is required for human consumption, but imported potatoes will still be required for fodder. Germany is self-supporting in beet sugar. There is abundance of home-grown meat, although consumption is increasing. She pays for necessary fish imports, exceeding 200,000 tons, by barter, but her domestic catch of sea fish has increased by 50,000 tons since the Nazis came to power. The most important item of food requiring importation on a large scale is whale oil for the margarine industry, but this is paid for under the Norwegian clearing arrangement.

Nearly three times more milk is produced than is required for human consumption, and there is a surplus of cheese. There is under-production of eggs, but there is no fear of a shortage as imports are paid for under barter arrangements with neighbouring countries. A Food Dictator has been appointed to regulate prices and to stop profiteering: the suggestion, made in certain English journals, that famine is feared, is fantastic nonsense.

It is impossible to deal with more than a part of the constructive side of the Hitler movement, which pervades every branch of science and every side of life. The efforts for racial improvement may have a profound effect. German women are being encouraged to support the gospel of the three K's—Kirche, Küche und Kinder —Church, Kitchen and Children—and to leave the less

vital tasks of life to men. Not all Englishmen and women will approve of the principles, but in practice it may release more energy than it suppresses, and we shall do well to suspend our judgment on some aspects of this policy for the present.

I have no space to deal at length with the efforts being made by Dr. Schacht to overcome the threatened shortage of import materials required for industry. Owing to lack of foreign exchange Germany is being compelled drastically to restrict and control such of her imports as require to be paid for in cash, but the resulting difficulties are being got over.

Available supplies are now so well controlled that there is no danger of any industries seriously being held up through lack of raw materials. As long as unemployment continues to decrease, as long as the level of wages tends to rise faster than the cost of living, and as long as the vast majority of the population remain willing to make personal sacrifices for the good of the nation, conditions in Germany will continue to improve, in spite of all that the world Press may be prophesying.

It is fashionable in some quarters to assert that the next phase in Germany will involve the waning of Herr Hitler's star and the emergence of the Reichswehr under Juncker guidance as the arbiter of German destinies. These speculations are at least premature. There is no sign in Germany that public opinion would tolerate any such move if it became known, still less favour it. Adolf Hitler remains the leader and his primacy is nowhere threatened.

The Successful Death of Nicholas Begg

By Anne Stewart

NICHOLAS BEGG went out into the night and stood on the kerb ready to fling himself in front of the first swiftly-moving vehicle that seemed likely to crush the life from his (really rather handsome) body, and so set free his Muscovite soul.

His mother having been Russian and his father a Scotch engineer, his inclination was to find happiness in despair, but he was able only to despair of finding happiness at all.

He stood this night beneath the street-lamp waiting, in hat and mackintosh, with his unrolled umbrella hooked on to his arm, waiting for the wheels that were to glide over the asphalt like archangels: yes, he mused, like four archangels heralded by a light as of twice five hundred candles burning in token of a tortured soul's release. Life was intolerable. What was the use of anything? Why go on and on painting pictures to have them stigmatized as being of no commercial value? Why would no one buy his pictures? Was it not a commonplace to say this was the age of the machine? But when he attempted to interpret this great truth by using his own mechanical inventions for models, as others would use a girl or a bit of scenery, was he not regarded with pity and contempt?

Nothing ever happened. He meets a girl with dark gold hair called Helen. She is an orphan, she has no money, she lives on what she can earn as a secretary, and she lives in comfort.

He falls, immediately, in love with her. He wants to marry her.

That in him which is Russian breathes: "You love her. She is beautiful. What is money?"

While all that is Scottish states: "She is good looking. She is without money. Love is nothing but a passing phase."

After much mystical meandering and crude statement of hard facts, he has to wound both sides of his nature by deciding: "She will always be able to earn money should it be necessary, which God forbid."

And he marries her.

For ten months they have lived a life of austere denial in cheap rooms on the outskirts of north London. They have starved and wept, quarrelled and kissed, hoped, and contemplated suicide.

But life goes on. Because Helen, exquisite as she is, recoils from suicide, even as an idea. It was she who turned back, and persuaded him to turn back, too, the night they had faced the oily Thames together. It was she who turned off the gas the night they had meant to do it that way.

And now, at this moment, Helen was away buying scraps of meat and bits of bread at the hour when such sustenance was inexpensive and only the very poor did their marketing. Now was his chance to die. Die and go on alone, for, rather than let Helen, his wife, earn money and support him, he would perish.

But to die was not to perish. It was to seek the infinite, to attain, in time, ultimate happiness. In time! But what was time? Time had no ultimate validity. A reasonable man——

An interruption. The headlights of a motor-car blazed through the darkness. The twice five-hundred candles of the four archangels who were come at last to crush his body and send his soul in search of infinite joy.

Waving his umbrella in greeting, he hailed his deliverers, who ceased abruptly their convolutions. Skidding slightly they came to a halt. A pale face peered through the windscreen. An irritated voice exclaimed:

"Hello Nicholas! What on earth are you up to? You might have got yourself killed. Cadging for a life or what?"

It was Gilbert Awdry driving his new car. He was a monied youth, insensitive and given to chatter.

"So it's you!" said Nicholas sulkily.

"Rather! Going anywhere special?"

"Anywhere special?" queried Nicholas. Was to die to go anywhere special? He longed to ask that question of Gilbert, not because he expected an illuminating reply, but because he could have stood there for hours answering it himself, and deriving immense satisfaction from never reaching a definite conclusion. Much to his annoyance his reticence cut in and headed him off.

"I was waiting for a bus," he murmured with some truth.

"Going far?"

"Perhaps."

"How far? If not too terribly I'll take you."

Nicholas, his mind still touring the infinite, gasped. As a seasoned traveller might regard a Cook's official he regarded Gilbert, and said:

"*You* will *take* me?"

"Certainly. Don't mind a bit. You haven't tried this Pride of my Heart yet have you? She glides along like an angel. Quite too celestial you'll have to agree. Hop in. Where are you heading for?"

"Heading for? O, yes, I see what you mean exactly." Nicholas began to feel foolish. "I was just popping over to the Baxters'."

"The Baxters? But they've moved, haven't they?"

"Moved, yes. Moved right out, into the depths of the country, miles away."

"Never mind. We'll absolutely fly over the ground, you see if we don't. Come on."

With jaw set Nicholas got into the car.

Smoothly she bore them over the glistening asphalt. At their approach, traffic, children, men, women, animals sped away.

"How strange," thought Nicholas, "that I should be sitting in this car instead of lying underneath it."

But he was unable to carry his thoughts far in that

direction because of Gilbert's chatter, which fell like hail, hit as hard, and melted into nothing. It became unendurable, and Nicholas said fiercely:

"Put me down here."

"Rather not," replied Gilbert. "I'll take you to the door. Which way is it from here?"

"I don't know."

"We'll ask."

"I want to get out."

"It's quite all right."

"It's not."

"Not?"

"No. I want to get out and walk."

"Walk? On a night like this? You'll get covered in mud and arrive in a frightful mess."

"I don't care. Let me get out."

"But whatever for?"

"I get sick in a car. I'm feeling sick now. In fact I know I shall be very sick at any moment."

"Great heavens!" Gilbert jammed on all the brakes. "Then get out. After all, one can't forget that she *is* a new car."

He all but pushed Nicholas headlong out of the door.

"Don't wait," said Nicholas. "I hate being watched."

"Will you be all right?"

"Perfectly. Many thanks."

"Glad to be of use to you. Marvellous, isn't she? If she hadn't got such marvellous brakes you might have——"

"Do go away," begged Nicholas.

"If you insist. So long."

"Good-bye."

He watched Gilbert turn with skill and head for London.

"Cheero!" reached him with the smell from the exhaust.

"O, Lord!" muttered Nicholas, "I've left my umbrella in his revolting beast of prey."

A glance towards the sky showed him that rain was imminent. His depression, therefore, increased.

He began to walk down a side road and found that it led into a lane.

"How strange and odd it is," he thought, "that I should find myself walking down this lane and know with absolute certainty that I am going to my death at last, and death not as I had, actually until this moment imagined it, but extinction. Annihilation. But it is even stranger to know that although I don't want extinction, it is either that, or the agony of living, and as I cannot face the agony, I accept the annihilation. How dark it is. The fog gets thicker. I seem to have come to a wood. I wonder how, by what method I am going to die. It is comforting to know with such assurance that soon I will be dead."

He stood quite still and struck a match. By its glimmer he could see nothing of his surroundings. It went out. He lit another and glanced down at his feet.

To his horror he saw that he was standing on the edge of a deep, dark well, old and level with the ground.

With a cry of fear he started back.

His nearness to death appalled him.

Presently he recovered from his shock and turning he hurried back along the muddy lane.

At the main road he leapt on to a bus and thought of how he would tell Helen of his amazing escape.

He burst into their room, but Helen was not there. He crashed into his studio. She was not there either, but his umbrella was on the table with a note.

Helen's handwriting, so neat, so correct. Perhaps that idiot Gilbert had taken her out to dinner. Poor little one, she needed a good square meal. Her lovely hair was losing its gold, her——

"Dear Nicholas. Gilbert has called with your umbrella. I'm going away with him. Good-bye. Please divorce me. H."

Furiously angry, Nicholas snatched up some of his inventions and packed them in his bag. Why should not he, like his wife, sell that which he held dearest in the world?

Raging, he took a train to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and went straight to the office of the head of the great engineering firm for whom his father had worked long and faithfully.

There he offered for sale the precious contents of his bag, his inventions.

He drove a hard bargain, and within twenty-four hours he was a rich man, potentially a very rich man.

He returned to paint pictures. Pictures of girls and bits of scenery. They were quite unlike the pictures he had painted of the machinery that he had loved and understood; those were pictures of no commercial value and he destroyed them. These were pictures without passion, without vision, and they sold like hot cakes.

Nicholas Begg was a success. He committed suicide when he turned back from the well.

The Slave-Trade To-day

By Ignatius Phayre

NOW and then a Cabinet Minister will let fall a remark which makes one regret that publicity is still alien to the English spirit, and particularly to our great departments of State. Thus we find Sir Bolton Eyres Monsell reminding luncheon guests that our navy is still a factor in checking " a loathsome trade." This referred to the stealing, transporting and selling of human chattel slaves who have no more voice in their own lives or destinies than sheep or pigs or cattle on our farms.

" At one time "—the First Lord pursued—" we had no fewer than fifty-six of H.M.'s ships engaged in this suppression work. And in the year 1846 alone the Royal Navy set free 116,862 slaves. To-day we only maintain fourteen sloops with slave-trade instructions. Of course, we are ready to dispatch extra vessels when these are called for. A rumour reached us that some of our sloops were too slow for effective chase, so that slave-laden dhows had time to tie big stones to the legs of their human cargo and throw them overboard. When we heard that, we ordered our fastest destroyers to patrol the Red Sea so as to make such things impossible."

Sir Bolton was inclined to doubt that lurid affair. And from reports of naval units on watch, he concluded that : " The day is passed when any large shipment of slaves can be made." But stark facts tend to attenuate to a mere pious wish this hopeful assurance of the First Lord.

The writer of this article had stood with Consul Johnston of Mogador in the glaring mud-walled Sok el-Abid of Marraksh, and with his own eyes seen men, women and children—both black and white (Moors)—auctioned off like cattle in pre-French days. That was a vivid scene, oddly unreal, and to me fateful as a Greek drama. It opened with prayer for bidders and " stock " alike, chanted by seven *dilals* or salesmen. Mounted

on a stage above the throng and swaying joined hands, these men called down blessings on the day's deals—"In the name of God, the most Merciful and Compassionate!"

Outside, in a vine-roofed lane, the horses and camels of merchants and nobles stood fretting, with attendant grooms polishing silver trappings and driving away the flies with long whisks. Inside the wide mart stood or squatted hundreds of gaily-dressed men. Many were tribal Kaids of the Great Atlas, well-armed and bearded patriarchs like those of Gustave Doré in his Bible pictures. Others drew apart under the shade of red walls to read a *sura* of the Koran. These glanced up as a *dilal* pranced by, clutching with one arm a hefty young negro and with the other a graceful and lovely Moorish girl: "Great is God . . . O my lords, behold the strength and the beauty of the desert!"

A grave watcher now beckons backward in the curious way of El Moghreb. Our salesman darts over to him, wild-eyed and expectant. With bowed head the girl kneels in acute distress because of her uncovered face. My lord examines her gently; he may do so in private if he please—even *ex tenui membrana*!

Three hundred dollars bid! Away speeds the auctioneer, dragging his helpless couple, and yelling the price—"Any advance on it for my Pearl?" At rough tables in the centre sit languid scribes to receive the money and write out deeds of life-and-death and labour.

That market no longer exists, but there are plenty more left. Slaves are to-day sold in fifteen different countries, and several of these are members of the League of Nations! This may shock readers who fancied the "Villainous Traffic"—as Pitt called it—was now no more than an historic memory. Did not England pay £20,000,000 over a century ago—nearly half of her revenue at that time—to free 800,000 of her colonial slaves? Then our Treasury gave £400,000 to Spain for the capture of some of her "blackbird" ships. Another

£300,000 went to Portugal, besides cancelling a loan of £600,000 in return for belated measures of abolition. Upon naval sentry work in the slave trade we spent more than £50,000,000 up to 1875 to show that we were —as Burke told the House of Commons long ago— "prepared to pay the price of virtue."

Yet the demand for helot labour—domestic, agrarian or industrial—is in many lands as brisk to-day as it was when the Isle of Delos was made a "free port" (as a notorious slave emporium) in 146 B.C.; that was an age of conquest and plunder, akin to that which began in West Africa in the fifteenth century. It is old Strabo who tells us that 10,000 slaves, either taken in wars or seized in corsair raids, could be landed in Delos at dawn, and all of them sold before sundown.

There is plenty of money in this traffic now, just as there is in that of noxious drugs—with whose oversight the League of Nations is likewise charged, only to be outwitted by furtive pandars in many lands. We should not forget that in the brief space of eleven years, at the close of the eighteenth century, our own Liverpool merchants carried over 300,000 slaves and sold them for £15,000,000. The "peculiar institution"—as southern planters of the U.S. called it before a civil war broke up the Union—had an amazing hold upon the minds of men. Even Chatham and Nelson saw in the slave trade factors to favour a powerful navy, a thriving commerce and a growing Colonial Empire.

As for the Church—whose disturbing influence was feared among living "property"—Canning himself set West Indian masters' minds at rest: "It was no more calculated for the Negro than for the brute animal that shares his toil." That spirit is far from dead in our own time.

The Republic of Liberia is a "Foundation" Member of the League. Yet all the world knows how an International Commission convicted her Government of rounding up "black ivory" by her frontier force, and selling

serfs in Fernando Po and to the Portuguese cocoa plantations of São Thome and Principe. This became a State routine, a source of revenue entailing merciless raids on the heathen and Moslem clans, with killing and burning, looting, torture, flogging, and long treks with the human prey thus seized on the pretext of unpaid "taxes." This recent record of a Christian State the U.S. Foreign Minister found "a shocking indictment." And in our own House of Lords the Primate scathed the chaotic polity of Liberia: "We cannot rest while this blot on civilization remains."

Another Member State of the League in which slavery and serfdom are deeply rooted is the Empire of Abyssinia, a land ten times as large as England and now owning at least 2,000,000 slaves. Its ruler is a "modern" and enlightened man: the "King of Kings of Ethiopia, the Conquering Lion of Judah and the Elect of God." For all that, Hailé Selassié's domain is full of feudal chieftains whose raids exceed the grossest excesses of Gordon's day in the Sudan. Rifle- and spear-men a thousand strong take part in these *battues*. They swoop on a village in the dark, blowing shrill horns, yelling and shooting to induce a panic. Then huts are set ablaze, and in the stampede old folks are slain. Young men, women and children are rounded up to be chained and yoked in caravans for the long trail.

Sir Arnold Hodson and Lord Allenby have described these orgies of fire and blood and terror. The sick and exhausted are left to die where they fall, or be devoured by wild beasts. In Abyssinia proper such forays are on a great scale as between one petty kingdom or sultanate and another. As many as 8,000 human beings have been taken at one time for "domestic" markets in that strange, loose land.

Much more serious in a political sense are the organized Ethiopian man-hunts in British territory. Nearly 200 of these have been made in the past few years, driving off cattle and stealing ivory as well as human beings, of

whom the brigand soldiery are allowed to keep one in every three for themselves as a reward. In Parliament, Lord Hailsham described an onslaught of 600 Abyssinians upon the Beir tribe in the Upper Nile province of the Sudan. Here the older men were as usual speared or shot, and twenty-seven women and fifty children carried off.

Similar raids have been made in Kenya and Somaliland. The Emperor's edicts tend to make these crimes more furtive in the hot, unhealthy lowlands of Abyssinia itself, where slave " recruiting " among the negro villages is a regular event. The King of Kings does all he can to block it. In Addis Abeba he set up an Anti-Slavery Department, with Liquamaqwas Mangesha, his former Minister in Rome, as its head and M. de Halpert, the European Adviser to the Ethiopian Home Office, acting as counsellor. A committee of important Rases presided over by the Heir Apparent, Prince Asfao Wasan, was also formed to oppose the slave tradition.

A start was made by Ras Heilu and Sultan Aba Jifar, both of whom set their own slaves free in thousands. Some of these settled on the land they had worked for their masters. But how to provide for the rest remains a problem—not alone in Abyssinia, but in other lands, too, where manumission has been made in recent years. Thus, in 1924, the Maharajah of Nepal liberated 58,000 slaves because " the enlightened opinion of the world is now pressing on us with all its moral force." In Sierra Leone 214,000 more were set free. Burma and Baluchistan followed suit; and in Tanganyika 185,000 helots were released under our own mandate.

All this sounds promising. Yet the stark fact remains that slave labour is still eagerly sought, whether in the form of absolute " property " (as in Arabia), or in the guise of serfdom, peonage and *corvée* labour. This last is widespread among the Indians of South America and in the colonies of Portugal. The system is known even in the U.S. to this day, especially on the cotton plantations of Georgia, Louisiana and Mississippi.

With slavery in China I cannot deal at any length. The "Mut-tsai" drudges have been discussed in Parliament with special reference to their persistence in Hong Kong. But in China's chaotic immensity, where human life is cheap and floods and famines frequent, the buying and selling of slaves has never ceased. In a single year 28,000 dead babies were picked up in the native streets of Shanghai. This was "a thing of always," hardly to be noted as an item of news by the vernacular Press. To-day there are millions of slaves, even in China's more "advanced" provinces; so one may guess what conditions are in the lawless "Soviet" regions far beyond the control of Nanking.

But when all is said, Africa remains the great emporium, as it was for four centuries, of "The Trade." None of our newspapers have investigated the slave systems of to-day; yet what "thrillers" they would provide, of which Fleet Street never dreams! But the Paris *Matin* took up this matter and ran a serial of 50,000 words. It began with the man-hunts in Abyssinia among lowly tribes of the west on the Sudan borders, who provide the "human cattle" for Addis Abeba and the Asiatic marts.

In that empire slaves can be got by "negotiation" as well as by violent means. Arab dealers from the Hedjaz, Asir or the Yemen prowl at large with plenty of money. "When a village is too poor," one of these told the *Matin* reporter, "or if its chief be unwilling to pay his taxes, we are approached as brokers. We settle overdue taxes and are repaid in slave-levies. These we deposit for safety in one of the high rock villages of the Aragouba Gallas—a warrior race who neither buy nor sell, but only guard our stock if we pay them."

The white men were taken to see Saïd's fast-growing caravan. Through narrow alleys the investigators climbed past blind walls, then into mud courts where armed guards stood on watch over mysterious cellars. . . . "He raised the planks and we peered down. Here we

saw four sleeping women. Three more lay in another dungeon, four men in a third. Not one of them stirred an eyelid; they must have been half-dead with fatigue."

"We start to-night," the Arab told his French visitors. "Business is not easy now, what with Imperial prohibition and tribute to be paid to the road. We only travel by night; it is safer that way." But the Frenchmen were also able to watch one of Saïd's kidnappers at work in a valley jungle at dawn.

"Selim, the hunter, lay flat in long grass. Afar off we saw women and children driving cattle and goats to a hamlet of the hills. As it grew light we heard sheep-bells. A little girl followed the flock. With the supple spring of a panther, Selim pounced on her. Not a cry could she give, smothered and gagged as she was by the throw of his canvas sheet. With a helpless bundle over his shoulder, Selim loped down the path. . . ." But with that werewolf's master, M. Joseph Kessel haggled for the child's liberty.

"A pretty little one, plump and well-made," the Arab dealer mused. "If she lives to reach the Narrow Sea, I'll get £40 for her there; her buyer will ask £80 in Mecca."

"The risks are many," the reporter hinted. "Let us say £30 cash down?"

Saïd, the assembler of slaves, sighed that God was indeed Great! And he closed with the *Matin's* offer. The stolen girl was sent back to her village. . . .

"Where is Selim now?"

"Collecting others for the Long Path. This time he'll get me a young boy."

Saïd herded all his captives up to Italy's Somali coast. The French explorers followed him to an island where the convoy was to be sold. For safety the dealer had bought Ethiop passports for the "cattle" packed in his fast-sailing *sambouk*. They now figured as Moslem "pilgrims" to the Holy City! This is the infamous commerce which our sloops-of-war try to break up as sheer piracy.

Traced to its source in those tropic spurs of the Gonda Hills, we find Saïd's caravan formed in a Member Nation of the League. Its royal line traces descent back to King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; its air-minded ruler flies a tri-motored 'plane with a Swiss pilot, Herbert Julian. But, as in Arabia—where the open markets are—so also in Ethiopia as a recruiting ground, human slavery is an age-old institution defended by Church and State alike, and therefore extremely difficult to uproot for social and economic reasons.

Our navy's watch upon this traffic involves endless strain in the hottest waters on earth. Four sloops patrol the Persian Gulf to stop piracy and slave- and gun-running. Quite often slaves escape from the mainland to the pearling islands of Bahrein. Here Sheikh Hamed bin Isa declares them free, and even enlists them in his State police. Another station is Muscat, whose young Sultan's rule extends far down the great Arabian peninsula. It is much to say, but I would style the old port of Muscat, seen from the sea by moonlight, the most picturesque town in all the world: a scene-painter's dream of "the pirates' lair," with its jagged peaks, its ancient forts and towers and embattled walls.

But the main route for "black ivory" cargoes is still across the Red Sea, which narrows to 185 miles between Suakim and Jeddah, the port of Mecca. Here lie in wait special craft like H.M. sloops "Penzance" and "Hastings"; these are of 1,025 tons and 16 knots' speed, mounting two 4-in. guns. Our vessels are aided by Italian gunboats, like the "Azio" and "Arimondo," and French sloops of the "Ypres" class also join in the pursuit. It is far from effective, as I shall show.

Forty nations signed the League's Slavery Convention, but its machinery was feeble and slack. Sir Austen Chamberlain sought to make slave-running an act of piracy; in which case its perpetrators could be hanged or drowned and their cargoes confiscated. Lord Cecil and Sir John Simon likewise tried to tighten up the provisions.

But languor remained in other quarters, and as a result abolition seems as far off as ever.

"We *do* catch the slave-dhows now and then," as a naval officer at Aden remarked to me. "But they are very fast—up to 15 knots. They have their own spy-system, too, and hiding-places in shallow reefs where we can't follow them. For one boat we capture, perhaps a dozen make the Arabian shore and deliver their living 'goods' to the two main marts of Mecca and Taïf. It is a very rich trade, and every link in it is made as secure as possible."

"Our most pressing need"—my informant went on—"is a force of high-speed, light-draught motor-boats, well armed and seaworthy, based upon Perim and able to chase the slavers anywhere. There is much trans-shipping of the 'livestock' from the big dhows into handier *sambouks* and *zarouks*—especially by the Black Eysah tribe at the extreme south-west hinterland of the Red Sea. These are also first-hand raiders. They employ fleets in this traffic across the narrow Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and their chief loading ports are Obock and Tajourah. Each *nakhonda*, or skipper is a daring seaman. He sails in the dark without any lights. He scuds close inshore, to thread his way through rocky shallows where no other craft could live. It's so often a hopeless hunt for us!"

It is no wonder, then, that the trade is large, even increasing as economic conditions improve in Arabia. A former officer of the preventive service—Commander Hugh Woodward—reckoned the men, women and children carried across as high as five thousand a year, *many of them from British territories*. Little do our well-fed passengers on luxury liners in the Red Sea suspect the scenes which are often witnessed by the masters of slow cargo ships in those stifling regions. One of these sighted at dawn a queer craft; she had a big lateen sail and a high-sheered poop, with a square stern painted and carved.

The "Old Man" ordered his ship up close "to see

what she's up to." She was a slaver—" packed from end to end of her open waist with stalwart negroes seated on benches, and evidently fastened by their ankles to the bottom. About twelve or fourteen were stowed abreast in twenty rows. That meant some 200 to 300 poor wretches in one vessel. . . ." In this case the captain of our merchant ship could do little but give out by wireless the position of that pirate, in the hope that one of our warships would arrest her. But her main halliards were soon repaired. The great sail was once more hoisted and filled—" and off she went like a startled deer " for the Arabian shore.

Slaves who survive to reach public and private markets in the realm of that warrior King, Abdul Aziz ibn Saud, are not badly treated in Mecca, Riyadh and other towns. Pious Moslems are kind to them as the Prophet ordains. Often they are viewed as one of the family; the mild system of *riqq* slavery in Arabia is, indeed, unlike any other. Eunuch slaves keep order in the Great Mosque of Mecca. Water-carriers, doorkeepers, personal attendants—a large part of the Holy City's population is made up of slaves.

Worse still is the mating and breeding of them, as on a nation-wide farm. Theological students who live for years in the Holy City may " borrow " women who are " owned " by the Arabs. But all " produce " of such unions belong by the *Shara*, or religious law, to the woman's owner. Meanwhile new supplies are being constantly landed in a vast domain nearly one-third the size of Europe. Its most potent prince has by the Treaty of Jeddah (1927) undertaken to co-operate with us to suppress the slave trade. But like Hailé Selassié of Abyssinia, Ibn Saud of Arabia is *not* a free agent in the matter: there is Islam's warrant to 300,000,000 of the faithful that they may own slaves, if they so desire and can elude the opposition.

Mecca is their holiest centre. Its citizens call themselves the " Neighbours of God "; and in the Sok el Abid

of that famous town you will to-day find the shops of traders in human beings. Outside the tall houses of that narrow street are stone benches—the " display counters " on which sit men and women and children exposed for sale. The more " desirable " (and expensive) girls are kept inside the warehouses; and wealthy buyers are taken in to view them and haggle over the price—up to £120.

Nothing can end this iniquity, or its less flagrant forms of serfdom, peonage and forced labour in many lands but the remedy which Lady Simon ordains; she is a crusader whose whole life is given to this cause. " The fight calls for all our energies "—Lady Simon urges. " And there is but one weapon to hand. That is public opinion—at once the weakest and strongest weapon in the cause of human progress; weak, when dormant, but invincible when once roused to the pitch of zealous indignation."

But to kindle fervour in a heedless world needs also money. And *à propos*, Sir John Harris points out a singular fact. Our Protestant missions—that dynamic apostle of freedom reminds us—attract no less than £2,500,000 a year in order to preach Christianity in far lands. Even the great work of preventing cruelty to animals has an income of £100,000. But for simple justice to native races, and to stop the horrors I have outlined here—" less than £2,000 a year is contributed ! " Surely implicit belief in so surprising a statement is all the comment that it requires—or need be given !

Man, Proud Man

By Eleanor Carroll Chilton

GOD, are you there?
All prayer
Must fight its way against the imperious mind
Which calls it treason; saying you are dead—
Fled before man's reason,
Leaving behind
Only abandoned tombs of stone and spire,
Only the wayside shrine with fire
From heaven its fitful candles
And the trees,
Bending before the wind, its sole votaries.

God, are you there?
Man knows that he must die
" But see," he has said—
" The terrible Father is dead
" Who shaped my limbs and set my limbs in motion,
" Who walked with me in the old remembered garden,
" Who drove me out and cursed my sin, and me,
" And never granted pardon.
" I am free."

Man in his pride
Would be himself his only guide
From nowhere into nowhere—
Here, and hence.
Knowing that nothing can be known
He would lead himself alone
From the first labouring effort to draw breath
To his last struggle with the dense
And strangling air of death.

God, are you there?
As once man could not hide
His nakedness from the all-following Eye,

So now he finds no shelter from his sense
Of ineffectual omnipotence.
So now beneath the crown
Of his usurping kingship, he is bowed down.
Man the lord of earth is bent
Down to the dust that is his final element.

The stars swing high.
Man whistles out his broken tune in the dark,
Telling himself that he can measure space
With his two hands, and so can never fear
Its infinite reach.
Man can turn his face
Back to the past and forward to the ages
And measure time with speech.
But oh, what spark
Kindled the countless planets, and what mind
Beyond the proudest guessing of the sages
Conjured from chaos all the universe?

God, are you there?
The elements are unkind,
And nature is poor man's unholy nurse.
Man in his pride
Would make the earth his home
The sky his ceiling;
Would make time promise him another dawn
With light and peace for his torn memory's healing.
But the stars swing high.
In man's vast home the hearth is never lit—
Cold and black are the embers—
And man must shiver in a draughty corner
Forever wanting it.
Time will not spawn
That godlike race of men his innocence remembers.

God, are you there?
Man is of age and has no need of prayer.

Only there is that loneliness of death
When he has spent his breath.
Only there is an old, forgotten sin
That gnaws the long night through into his sleep,
For man can judge himself, but not forgive,
And till he cease to live
Guilt is man's shadow and will creep
Behind him like a slave,
And down after him into the grave.

Gone from earth
The power that eased man's death and blessed his birth.
The cold sea foam,
The air, the fire, the stony soil
He makes pretence are home.
Lost, fled,
The terrible Godhead—
And gone no less
The builder of space, the kindler of stars,
The Father of man who cradled his helplessness.

Defoe's England

By The Rev. W. P. Witcutt

IT is to the interest of the anti-traditionalist to belittle the past; and he never loses the opportunity of making the most of doing so. Pre-industrial England is constantly held up as poor, thinly-populated, and barbarous. The supporters of the existing Capitalist order and of the ideal Communist order alike draw this picture. It is essential for their conception of history. It is a hypothesis necessary for the acceptance of the dogma of Progress.

The traditionalist, therefore, should know his pre-industrial England. He should know it, if possible, from contemporary sources—not from source-books conveying, by means of carefully-selected extracts, the impression that the rulers of modern society desire, but from contemporary accounts taken whole and entire.

Defoe's " Travels through England," written about 1722, in the reign of George I, provide such an account. They give a picture of prosperity and security very different from that reflected in Cobbett's " Rural Rides " a hundred years later, or, for that matter, from the position reflected in modern newspapers.

Of course we are looking at the period through Defoe's eyes, and they were sanguine eyes. He was quite in harmony with his period, quite satisfied. Trade was the thing dearest to his heart, and trade was flourishing. There seems to have been no abject poverty to indicate that things were not as they should be, and he was no lover of the old order of things—no sentimental lover of the past, that is to say—he had a certain relish for the past. He had an eye for Gothic architecture; and a love for quaint old charters; he would spend several pages describing the tactics of a battle of the Civil Wars. Nevertheless, somewhere in his many pages, he enunciates a very modern-sounding heresy about " the main affair of Life, that is to say, getting Money."

This made him, perhaps, a more typical modern

Englishman than Cobbett. All the same, he reminds one of Cobbett. One cannot help liking a man who, in describing the cellars cut out of the rock in Nottingham, informs us that " the bountiful Inhabitants generally keep these Cellars well stock'd with excellent Ale; nor are they uncommunicative in bestowing it among their Friends, as some in our Company experienc'd to a Degree not fit to be made Matter of History."

His book gives one the impression of a successful revolution. Ruined monasteries and dismantled fortifications give one a vivid impression of a fallen Church and a vanished feudal monarchy. London and Bristol, Liverpool and Manchester grow apace; the princes of the English countryside build their palaces at Belvoir and Burleigh; while Ludlow Castle, the Court of the President and Council of the Marches, crumbles to decay. It is a symbolical decay.

The Catholic Church lingers on, apart from the new order of things, in old Cathedral cities like Durham, where the Anglican clergy still wear the old priestly vestments on occasions, and the Catholics go openly to Mass; or in the pilgrimage town of Holywell, full of pious Welsh folk and priests in disguise. One is surprised, all the same, at the fear of the Catholic Church that still seems to exist. The triumph of Protestantism is still taken to be a very precarious thing. " So long as this Island shall retain the Protestant Religion," says Defoe in one place, " how long that may be, as things are going, and if the Detestable Conspiracy of the Papists now on Foot should succeed, I will not pretend to say." This, in 1722!

Both Anglicanism and Dissent flourish in the new world of Trade. The Vicar of Halifax claims a hundred thousand communicants. Dissent, however, seems to go best with manufacturing. Wherever the ramifications of the great Woollen Trade spread, there are sure to be found Nonconformists. In the West Riding they are equal in numbers to the Anglicans; in Suffolk Southwold

scarcely any following remains to the Established Church; Devonshire is a Nonconformist stronghold. Defoe contrasts agricultural Cornwall, where scarcely any Dissenters are to be found. The main quarrel is, in fact, between Anglican and Nonconformist—Defoe is surprised at the lack of animosity between the two parties at Dorchester. The religious quarrel provides a basis for the political quarrel of Whig and Tory.

Mark on a map the areas where the Woollen Trade preponderates and you have the areas that were hot for the Parliament against the King—the West Riding, East Anglia, Devonshire. What identified Puritanism with Wool ?

No historian ever seems to give the Woollen Trade its due weight in English history. It was Wool that smashed the Guilds; it was Wool that provided the sinews of war for the numberless foreign expeditions of the English monarchy; it was the weavers and the woollen merchants who spread first the Reformation and then Puritanism throughout the country, and provided a background for the defiance of the Parliament.

Probably the reason is that the historian generally shares the commonly accepted delusion that pre-industrial England was a thinly populated and almost purely agricultural country, where the bulk of what population there was lay entirely in the South and East. We are constantly hearing that with the Industrial Revolution the centre of gravity in England shifted from the agricultural South to the new Industrial North. It is false. The great centres of population in the early 18th century, at any rate, lay not in the South and East, but in the North and West.

London, of course, is an exception. London was *the* great centre of population. It is curious that Defoe disliked London and its influence—not so whole-heartedly as Cobbett did, to be sure; but, still, he disliked it. Like Cobbett, he regarded its swollen size as due to the presence of those who battened on the interest of the public debt and the funds, and hoped that when these

were paid off the population of London would automatically disperse back into the country. London in Defoe's time was reckoned to have a million inhabitants—and the calculation was based on burials and Anglican baptisms alone. If this is true, then the London of early Hanoverian times was a city as large as modern Birmingham.

After London came the West Riding—" one of the most populous parts of Britain, London and the adjacent parts excepted." Defoe sounds curiously modern when he speaks of the great manufacturing cities of the North. The phrase brings up visions of factories and smoke, but Defoe never praised an ugly city. Comeliness to him was almost as important a factor as Trade, for, after all, men had to live in these places. He praises the cities of the manufacturing North, curiously enough, for their beauty; and contrasts the finely built town of Liverpool with dirty, slummy towns like Hereford and Worcester.

Furthermore, a town to please Defoe had to be a cultural as well as a trading centre. He praises the purely commercial towns, but he would not have lived in them. He never omits to tell us where " good conversation " is to be had, as in the local culture-centres of York, Lichfield, and Derby. His ideal is Shrewsbury, a city full of Trade, and yet " really a Town of Mirth and Gallantry "—a regional capital of such prestige that almost with its backing alone King Charles had been able to put an army into the field " to the Surprize of the Parliament, and indeed of all the World."

But to return to the North. The type of manufacture Defoe describes sounds almost Utopian to us; there are no slums and no factories, no smoke and no crowded streets. The small woollen manufacturers lived each on their little plot of grass-land—smallholdings of from two to seven acres, where grazed the draught-horses and the family cow. In the centre of the holding stood the manufacturer's dwelling—a house and factory in one. " If we knock'd at the Door of any of the Master Manufacturers, we presently saw a House full of lusty Fellows,

some at the Dye-vat, some dressing the Cloths, some in the Looms, some on one thing, some on another, all hard at work, and full employed upon the Manufacture, and all seeming to have sufficient Business." Between the houses of the master manufacturers lay scattered the cottages of the workmen; and everywhere ran little rills of water, which served the double purpose of carrying away the fats used in the preparation of the wool, and fertilising the land with them.

Thus the country round Halifax. "After we had mounted the third Hill, we found the Country, in short, one continued Village, tho' mountainous every way, as before; hardly a House standing out of speaking distance from another. Look which Way we would, high to the Tops, and low to the Bottoms, it was all the same; innumerable Houses and Tenters, and a white Piece upon every Tenter."

"The whole country is infinitely populous." Halifax had 100,000 Anglican inhabitants alone; and probably more Nonconformists. And this populousness was a traditional thing—back in Elizabethan times, Defoe tells us, this town could put 12,000 armed men into the field, and did do so at the time of the Rebellion of the Northern Earls. Nevertheless the process of draining the population of the countryside into the manufacturing districts was beginning. "In a word, the Country look'd as if all the People were transplanted to Leeds and Halifax, and that here was only a few just left at home to cultivate the Land, manage the Plough, and raise Corn for the rest."

Defoe is at great pains to explain how the huge population of the West Riding is fed. His explanation forms an essay in Regional Self-Sufficiency which would delight the heart of a Nazi autarchist. "Their Corn comes up in great Quantities out of Lincoln, Nottingham, and the East Riding, their Black Cattle and Horses from the North Riding, their Sheep and Mutton from the adjacent Counties every way." He even explains where the cheese comes from.

After London and the West Riding comes the third most populous district—Devonshire, "so full of great Towns, and those Towns so full of People, and those People so universally Employ'd in Trade, and Manufactures, that not only cannot it be equall'd in England, but perhaps in Europe." The Western Woollen district, however, stretched beyond Devonshire into S.W. Wilts and E. Somerset, which, rather than Devon, formed its real centre. The system was different from that of the West Riding. "The spinning Work of all this Manufacture is performed by the poor People; the Master Clothiers, who generally live in the greater Towns, sending out the Work Weekly to their Houses, by their Servants and Horses, and, at the same time, bringing back the Yarn that they have spun and finished, which then is fitted for the Loom." "The Spinning is generally the Work of the Women and Children," while the men were engaged in agriculture.

The West Country is now a superseded part of England —its agony began in the days of Cobbett, who noted bitterly the distress of its people. In Defoe's time it was, if possible, a more individual and "separatist" part of England than the North. Its capital, Bristol—a town of 100,000 inhabitants, and the proud possessor of 3,000 sail of ships, was the only port in England that traded independently of London. It spoke a tongue more different from standard English than the dialect of any other region. "It cannot pass my Observation here," says Defoe, solemnly, "that when we are come this Length from London, the Dialect of the English Tongue, or the Country way of Expressing Themselves, is so strangely altered: it is true, that it is so in many parts of England besides, but in none in so gross a Degree as in this Part. This Way of Boorish Country Speech, as in Ireland, it is call'd the Brogue upon the Tongue; so here 'tis called 'Jouring'. . . . They carry it such a Length, that we see their 'Jouring' Speech even upon their Monuments and Grave-Stones." It was in a West Country school

that Defoe's surprised ears heard the reader transform the verse of Cant. 5.3.: "I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on; I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them" into "Chav a doffed my cooat, how shall I don't; chav a washed my veet, how shall I moil 'em."

Fourthly came Norfolk, the centre of the Eastern Woollen district, where "we see a Face of Diligence spread over the whole Country; the vast Manufactures carry'd on (in chief) by the Norwich Weavers, employs all the Country round in spinning yarn for them."

Defoe has little to say about the purely agricultural districts of England. He was not very interested in agriculture, unlike Cobbett, who can tell us of the shape of Hertfordshire fields. Subsistence agriculture has no interest whatsoever for him. What does interest him, however, is the fact that the Eastern Midlands formed one "vast magazine of Wool for the rest of the Nation," and exported corn to Holland through the port of Lynn, as Hereford and Monmouth did to Portugal through their port of Chepstow. He takes a pride, moreover, in the princes of the English agrarian world—the great landowners; such as the Manners, whose estate was "equal to the Demesnes of some sovereign Princes," and the Cecils, whose palace at Burleigh "looks more like a Town than a House." At the same time he praises the sturdy independence of the English peasantry, then unbroken, and mentions the recent thwarting of a common-enclosing landlord "as an Instance of the popular Claim in England, which we call Right of Commonage, which the Poor take to be as much their Property, as a Rich Man's Land is his own."

The England of early Hanoverian time was, in fact, a strangely democratic world, where mine Host of the post-house at Doncaster, who was mayor of the town, kept a pack of hounds, and "was Company for the best Gentlemen in the Town or in the Neighbourhood."; and where miners were not proletarians, but independent workmen who banded together to hew minerals out of the earth

and sell them in the open market, like the Derbyshire lead miners, who required a special court to adjudge between their quarrels, " for they are of a strange turbulent, quarrelsome Temper, and very hard to be reconciled to one another in their subterraneous affairs."

It is indeed a strange England, as unlike our preconceived notions as possible; displaying vast trade and great manufacturing centres instead of agriculture and small market-towns alone; independent miners instead of the bond-slaves of legend; and, in the place of the bowing, servile innkeepers of historical fiction, mayors and keepers of hounds, and company for the best gentlemen in the town.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Will you, this NEW YEAR resolve to help a destitute child?

Become a partner in the work of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, which always supports a family of about 8,500 destitute boys and girls and babies.

Give yourself the joy of feeling that you, personally, are feeding one child for a fortnight.

10/- will do this

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund" and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 274 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street (Author of "Farmer's Glory")

November 11th.

TO-DAY I set out on my homeward journey. This busman's holiday was my first visit to Scotland, but I sincerely hope that it will not be my last. My host was determined that I should see as much of Scottish farming as was possible in the few days of my stay. In fact he tore up the greater part of southern Scotland on my behalf. Farms of all kinds have I visited, and in every case the farmer admitted to me that livestock is the thing which matters most to Scottish agriculture. Few farmers in England or Wales can disagree with that in connection with their own farming, and my drive home through Cumberland, Yorkshire, Nottingham, Leicester, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Wilts, gave me still further evidence that only on a livestock basis is it possible to build an agricultural policy which will suit the farming of this island from John o' Groat's to Land's End.

November 13th.

A farming day. When a man has not seen his farm for nearly a fortnight, nothing can have more attraction for him than a walk round it. My desk was piled so high with correspondence that it seemed hopeless even to try to find out where to begin on it, so I just left it there and went farming. All was well, especially with the dairy herd, which, of course, is 90 per cent. of my present farming. The cows looked well, and they have been and still are milking well, despite the fact that up to date we have fed no hay at all. I am thankful that the weather has been so kind that we have been able to keep off the hay, for I am stocked up to the hilt with cattle and have a smaller supply of hay on hand than usual at this season. If the weather keeps open without too much rain I don't expect to feed any for another month. England is, as it should be, largely a grass country,

and here in the south-west we have still some Fall keep to feed.

November 21st.

Spent the day in town, where I discovered that being pitied is very annoying. During the summer months my town friends envy me my rural existence, but at this season they are apt to commiserate with me on being compelled to live in the country during the winter. Somehow I do not think that countryfolk need this pity, for November possesses one great charm for us. At last, after months of invasion by townsfolk, we have our countryside all to ourselves; for the tourist, the hiker, the trespasser, the caravanner, the picknicker, and all other alien intruders and disturbers of the rural scene have fled back to the warmer and drier quarters of the town. Now the countryside is peopled only by those who belong to it, and, in consequence, a natural pleasing quiet reigns over it once more. Most countryfolk, I think, revel in this state of things, for once again we can play or work undisturbed by people who do not understand either, and that is why most of us enjoy the privacy which dark November brings.

November 24th.

Attended the local N.F.U. dinner this evening, and once again observed that a strong hint of the need for restriction of production was in evidence. This worries me greatly. In nearly all these marketing schemes one comes across the same thing, and in some cases of definite regulations to restrict production. No blame for this can be attached to the men who are running these regulations to restrict production, for, in the existing state of our agricultural policy, any further production must mean a lowering of prices all round. The trouble lies higher up. At the moment the policy is merely "planning," but the goal has not been stated. In other words the various Marketing Boards are merely making roads—good roads

possibly—but roads to nowhere. Surely there must be some products which our farmers should be able to produce to the fullest capacity of our little island, which can never produce all we need. To arrange things so that a farmer will be better off if he produces less than he is able is against the whole spirit of farming, which should be and must be for a man to try each year to produce more from his land than before. Such a principle is wrong, absurd almost, and when the principle of a policy is wrong, its details cannot work out successfully, no matter how ingenious they may be. Besides, what of the talk of putting unemployed men from the derelict areas on to the land? To do so must mean increased production from the land allied with their labour, and to do so without first stating definitely in what branches of our farming an increase of production will be paid for adequately will be nothing short of criminal. Not only will the new men on the land fail, but in so doing they will harm those already on it. Planning roads is all very well if they lead to a worthwhile destination. The present marketing schemes are making roads which lead to nowhere, and, in my opinion, roads on which there cannot be any room for the unemployed to travel. Like most farmers I voted for the present policy of "planning," but I did so fully expecting that we should have been told long before now, not only where we must restrict production, but also where we should try to increase it.

November 26th.

Yielding to the request, the order even, of an old friend, I went shooting to-day. I had not shot, save for killing vermin or bagging a dinner occasionally, for several years. The number of farmers in like case is tremendous, for in recent years sporting rights, being one of the few farm products which were readily saleable for money, have been sold to townsfolk who could afford to buy them. My friend had let his shooting for many

seasons but, his shooting tenant having decided not to continue, he had determined to shoot his own farm once again. It was a real farmers' day, farmers and their rural friends to shoot, and farm labourers to beat, and it was great fun. Being woefully out of practice I wondered how I should deal with a swerving cock pheasant or a zigzagging woodcock, but a good fluke to begin with set me right for a most enjoyable day. The bag was not a large one, but it was varied—very varied, for it included two deer. These wild deer have increased greatly during recent years, but although we saw half-a-dozen or more only two provided a safe shot. And that is important, for a shot at a deer means a shot at a height from the ground which is very dangerous to any man in its line. On my way home I could not help thinking that, no matter what may be said for or against shooting as a sport, for countryfolk to shoot their own countryside is right somehow, and I hope that the future will make it possible for many more of them to do so.

December 1*st.*

Wandered round the water-meadows this morning in company with the "drowner." He has the irrigation work well forward this season, but he has no water with which to flood the meadows. Never have I seen the river so low at this time of year. Again Nature has proved to me that I farm only by her permission, and that when she withholds it I am helpless. My father's dictum with regard to these meadows was "six weeks' water in the meadows before Christmas." I mentioned this to the "drowner," who knew him well. "Humph!" he said. "I 'low thease caper ould a beat the old gennleman, although he used to git round most things. There jist bain't no water, an' that's all there is to it." However, when I asked him how much longer before we got some, he looked at the sky, and said, "Thee take a cwoat wie 'ee to-morrow. This yer's a weather breeder."

December 2nd.

The "drowner" was right. It has simply belted with rain all day to-day. These old men, who have studied the weather almost unconsciously all their lives, are rarely wrong.

December 6th.

Practically continuous heavy rain since the last entry, so much so that to-day we gave the cows some hay for the first time, the latest date in the year for starting hay that I can remember. For this boon and for the rain I give grateful thanks, but I have been amazed at the grumblings of many of my town friends about the rain. When I say to them quite cheerfully that I hope we shall get a good wet month they look at me as though I were a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum. In fact, such a remark in London is nearly sufficiently provocative to cause a row. But what our huge town populations would be like if they were thirsty for twelve hours is too awful to contemplate, for the veneer of civilization is a very thin one even to-day, and certainly not strong enough to withstand the rasp of thirst for very long.

December 10th.

A farmer friend from North Wilts, whom I was hoping to meet to-morrow in Salisbury market, telephoned me this evening that he would not be coming down as his area was closed for the movement of stock by the Foot and Mouth Disease Regulations. To-day there are ten or a dozen counties so affected, and the continuous recurrence of this trouble does material harm to our agriculture. I may be wrong, but I do not seem to recall any outbreak of this disease during my boyhood, and it would appear that it is largely a post-war feature of farming in this country. What is the reason? Is it somewhere amongst the volume of imported produce from all over the world that the culprit is to be found? If so,

verily the home farmer has an added grouse against imports. Competition in price is bad enough, but if infection can truthfully be added to this his lot is hard indeed.

December 11*th.*

In the report of yesterday's opening of the Smithfield Show I was very pleased indeed to read the following :—

> "All through the pig section there is evidence that the breeders are influenced by the demands of the marketing scheme. As types the animals do not as a whole reflect breed standards so much as the economic standards laid down for bacon pigs."

For which every producer of pigs and consumer of bacon should take off his hat to the Marketing Board.

"Every dead body buried within our walls receives its accommodation at the expense of the living and to their detriment."
Public Health Report, 1859.

That the above statement is as true to-day as when it was made over seventy years ago by Sir John Simon, then Medical Officer of Health for the City of London, is proved by this remark of Sir John Robertson, Professor of Public Health, at Birmingham in June, 1934 :

"I would like to make everybody know what an offensive process earth burial is, and what a quick, clean process cremation is when done in a modern Crematorium."

New Crematoria opened at Birkenhead, Newcastle and Plymouth, brings the total to twenty-nine established in Great Britain, and many others are in contemplation.

Cremation is the simplest way of rendering "ashes to ashes" so that our bodies do not become a nuisance or cause trouble to those who live after us. You can support this view by registering your name as desiring cremation at death; *it will cost you nothing.*

To ensure cremation with a minimum of trouble and expense to your family, a fixed payment of £5 5s. 0d. only—or six annual subscriptions of one guinea—covers all Membership dues during life and provides for your FREE CREMATION at death at any Crematorium in Great Britain.

"PHAROS"—a 32 pp. quarterly journal devoted to Cremation, 2s. 6d. per annum, post free.

Full details of membership, free registration forms and illustrated crematorium brochure forwarded post free on application to E.R.

THE CREMATION SOCIETY
23, Nottingham Place, London, W.1. (near Baker Street Station)
Telephone : Welbeck 4169

The Burning Question in the Saar Territory

By Dr. G. A. Boon, Member of the Dutch Parliament

THIS article is inspired by a letter which I received from a Saarlander, well-known to me, whom, however, I have not seen for several years.

The following are some extracts from his letter:

"On January 13th we have got to face the following problem: Are we going to choose Germany, France, or the continuation of the régime of the League of Nations. France is out of the question, but what would you do if you were in my position? You know I am a German through and through, and that I love my country above all, but I am opposed to the present policy of the German Government and many of their methods.

"As you will remember, we met for the first time at the home of Dr. Stresemann, leader of the German Volkspartij, who held the same political principles as your liberal party in Holland. Although I was a member of the Centrum our ideas about many political questions were identical. From our mutual friend L. I heard that you are still a Liberal M.P., and, as he gathered from your too rare letters, that you are a decided opponent of National Socialism for Holland.

"At the best you might be able to understand National Socialism in Germany, but in no case would you have an unreserved admiration for it. Myself and many of my Catholic friends have the same opinion and we are exceedingly shocked by what we have read here about the happenings on June 30th.

"Our minds are continually being tortured by the following problem: If I vote *for* Germany on January 13th then I declare myself to be a supporter of the Hitler régime. If, on the other hand, I vote *against* Germany I may help to continue the present régime, which was meant to be a fifteen years' interlude and which has suited no one.

"We are living here in the midst of fanatical propaganda from both sides, which makes good judgment extremely difficult. You are in your peaceful Holland where you can judge *sine ira et studio*. Would you be kind enough to let me know what your attitude would be if you, Liberal as you are, and opposed to the Hitler régime, had to make up your mind."

This letter caused me once again to lose myself in the Saar problem and the final voting of January 13th. Five questions arose in my mind.

(1) To which country does the Saar population belong by reason of its history, tradition and descent?

(2) Was the creation of "la bassin de la Sarre" in the Treaty of Versailles a prudent and justifiable action?

(3) Is there a possibility that the voting of 1935 will be considered temporary so as to give the population another chance later on to determine their fate?

(4) Would separation from Germany cause another European war?

(5) Is it the right thing for a German, opposed to the Hitler régime, to vote for the continuation of the League of Nations rule?

The first question need not be answered, as, except for a moment in 1919, when Clemenceau, Tardieu and Loucheur artificially produced 150,000 Frenchmen *de cœur et de volonté* and made a temporary impression on some foreigners who were hardly able to point out the Saar on the map, there has never been a sane human being who was not absolutely convinced that the Saar was German through and through.

It is significant that at present everyone keeps silence about the French history and population, and it is generally recognized that if the voting had been in 1932 instead of 1935, 99 per cent. of the population would have voted for Germany.

Frederic Eccard wrote in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*

for September, 1933, that the character and language of the population is German and that, except moderately in Saarlouis and the Communes de Warndt, which formed, as it were, an *enclave* in the department of the Moselle, there is no longer anything to suggest the France of 1814.

Therefore he considers union with France practically impossible, but he wishes France to exert itself to the utmost to secure the maintenance of the *status quo*.

Has it ever been better proved that the statement of Tardieu, that morally and historically the Saar population was of French blood, tradition and aspirations, and only divided from France by force in 1815, was founded on nothing and was only put forward to justify the proposed annexation?

When after the death of Charlemagne in 814 his mighty empire fell to pieces, the Saar territory fell through "Ludwig the German" to the German empire to which, except for two short periods, it has belonged uninterruptedly.

A short period of invasion by France after the peace of Münster in 1640 came to a finish in 1697; with the peace of Rijswijk only Saarlouis and its surroundings remained French.

A French invasion occurred only once more, during the French revolution in 1792, at which time the "Département de la Sarre" was formed.

In 1815 the frontiers of 1789 were restored and even Saarlouis became German again. The greatest part of the Saar territory belonged to Germany during ten centuries and to France for only twenty-three years.

If conquest during Napoleon's time is sufficient grounds for annexation or separation, half the map of Europe could be coloured French, and on the same historical grounds Holland, e.g. could be swallowed up as the Department of the Meuse. In 1866 Napoleon III made a last attempt (this time peaceably) to add part of the Saar territory to France by asking, as reward for his

neutrality during the Prussian-Austrian war of 1866, that Saarlouis and Landau should be allotted to France. This request was categorically refused.

If there is a territory which is typically German, it is the Saar, and the character of the population is in perfect accordance therewith.

More than a century ago the Saar territory had 200,000 inhabitants. The continual extension of the mining industry made a great number of people settle in the Saar, mostly Germans from West and Middle Germany, Prussia and Bohemia, and in 1880 the population amounted to 450,000. Subsequently there was a negligible amount of immigration and the population only increased at a normal rate until, at the end of the world war, it amounted to more than 700,000. The percentage of the population speaking exclusively German was 99 per cent. against 1 per cent. for all other languages, including French. Ten centuries of history and 99 per cent. of the population. States have been created where the minority question has played a more important part and where history and tradition have been more strongly violated!

How on earth was the Treaty of Versailles led to add to its already long story of mistakes the creation of the Basin of the Sarre? To understand this we have to go back to the psychology of 1919. R. S. Baker describes in "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement" the violent scene enacted at Versailles during the discussion between Wilson, Lloyd George and Tardieu. Wilson absolutely refused to approve of any annexation and at this most dramatic moment of the Peace Conference he threatened to return to America. At last a reconciliation formula was found, stating that Germany resigned the Government for fifteen years in favour of the League of Nations, when the population should decide by referendum whether it desired the continuation of the régime of the League of Nations, the restitution of the German rulership or annexation by France. A

lengthy appendix, considered to be part of the Treaty, comments in detail on these principles.

On Germany the obligation was imposed to turn over to France, without any restraining conditions and in the broadest sense, the ownership of the coal mines and the installed means of exploitation.

On February the 26th the governing commission, appointed by the League of Nations, made her offical entry in Saarbrücken and from the very beginning there was a violent war to gain the Saarlanders' sympathies between German and French political and economic propaganda-centres. While the governing commission of 1920–1925 (Aera Rault) showed their strongly displayed French sympathies, the present chairman, Mr. Knox, fulfils his bad job with impartiality. He is not responsible for the Treaty of Versailles. He has only to see that everyone will be able to vote without restriction or intimidation. Practically speaking, there are only two possible results of the voting: Germany or the League of Nations. The number of votes for France will be very low, as the 150,000 Frenchmen "*de cœur et de volonte*" of 1919 have disappeared into thin air.

Two years ago the votes for the maintenance of the League of Nations régime would undoubtedly have been very few; but since the establishment of the third Reich the chances for a big increase in votes have improved. In every mining region the Marxist element plays an important part, and large groups of red labour unions, who are all of unquestionable German blood, are opposed to the Hitler régime, and the events of June 30th in particular have stirred up the Roman Catholics, who make up three-quarters of the population, while the delay in the formulation of the Concordat with the Vatican has also been unfavourable. Meanwhile the relations with the Vatican have become much more friendly of late. All this has given new hope to those French who were making energetic propaganda for the continuation of the present régime.

The note sent in October, 1934, by Barthou to the League of Nations was in the art of propaganda a masterpiece. It promised restitution of a great number of the mines without any indemnity and autonomy to a high degree if the voting should turn out in favour of the *status quo*.

Further, they roused the expectations of the populace that it will later on be able to indicate by referendum its preference for reunion with its own people, should it feel so inclined. In Geneva much attention was given to this point as, by these means a solution would be given to patriotic Germans who are not national socialists.

German emigrants specially keep harping on this theme. Prince Hubertus Löwenstein wants to undermine the third Reich by withholding all foreign concessions while giving the impression that concessions would duly be given to another régime. Leopold Schwarzschild writes that if the population votes against Germany there will very probably be occasion later on to declare themselves for Germany. A number of foreign newspapers have the same point of view, just like the anti-Hitler papers in the Saar Territory. Do these people really believe that they would have a second chance? Paragraph 35, chapter 3 (Consultation Populaire) speaks explicitly of "*le régime définitivement instauré*" by referendum.

Well, say the above-mentioned writers, in that case they should apply the 19th article of the Pact of the League of Nations dealing with the alteration of untenable treaty stipulations.

It is only an illusionist who believes that an agreement could be reached to have another referendum, because it is referred to in the treaty as a *single and final referendum*.

No, the voting of the Saar population for a continuation of the present régime would create in Europe a most dangerous irredentum which no single German government would countenance.

As the voting will take place "*par commune ou par*

district" a split-up might occur and even greater objections would be raised against a small independent Saar territory than against a whole independent territory. Post-war Europe has more trouble with too many than with too few small states. For the League of Nations this would become an everlasting source of difficulty; and those who wish well to the League of Nations should not want it to put its head permanently in this hornet's nest.

Hitler has declared again and again that, in case the Saar territory should become German again, the Reich would give up all further territorial desires which might form a *casus belli*. This does not mean that they would not strive for other alterations in the treaty but only in the Saar territory lies a *casus belli*. In 1871 Germany enforced the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine against many warnings. For nearly fifty years the statues of Metz and Straatsburg on the Place de la Concorde in Paris have been draped in mourning; during the war, every neutral sympathised with the French desire for return of Alsace-Lorraine and acknowledged this to be absolutely justified.

Does one wish to erect a crepe-draped statue of Saarbrücken on the Pariser Platz in Berlin, to keep alive the remembrance of this theft? Wilson said already in 1910: "I do not want to create a second Alsace-Lorraine." Those who are inciting the population to vote against Germany are collecting tinder for a new world-conflagration. Some are already speaking of a new world war as of a sporting event; they forget that a new European war would mean the destruction of our civilization.

Great was the indignation roused in Germany at the memorandum of M. Barthou, which was looked upon as a most improper interference. The fact that two French army corps were mobilized at the frontier to enter the Saar territory on the shortest notice caused the indignation to reach a climax. In the darkest hour of need,

however, help is always near. For what happened? The new Foreign Minister, M. Laval, not even mentioned the memorandum of his predecessor, M. Barthou, and immediately tried to bring about better relations between Germany and France. The League of Nations appointed the Aloisi committee, which thoroughly examined and studied in Rome the different problems and difficulties with French and German experts. They have done wonderful work and have agreed on all points. Should the result of the referendum be in favour of Germany, Germany will guarantee during a certain time all the inhabitants, without distinction of race, religion or language, and during that time all those who want to emigrate will be enabled to realise their properties.

An agreement has also been reached about the social insurance. A lump sum of 900 million French francs (±150 million R.M.) has been decided upon as a price for the repurchase of the mines; the monetary question about the francs at present in circulation has been settled satisfactorily.

No French troops will be sent to the frontier as a menace, but contingents of neutral countries are taking over this task in the Saar territory.

England, Italy, the Netherlands and Sweden have since agreed to send troops, France as well as Germany having declared that this arrangement met with their approval.

When one compares this with the difficulties which arose in 1921, when it was proposed that some countries should send troops to Wilna to maintain order during the plebiscite between Poland and Lithuania, which turned out to be a complete failure, the success attained this time is indeed splendid.

In Holland on December 13th there was an interpellation by the revolutionary party in order to demonstrate that Holland should take no part whatever in actions of the League of Nations, but the vast majority of Parliament rightly sided with the

Government, and a Dutch Marine corps is already in the Saar territory.

During the last years, the League of Nations has been discredited because of the very few successes which have been obtained. This magnificent result, which has neutralized one of the gravest mistakes of the Treaty of Versailles, will no doubt make a great impression and will strengthen the authority of the League of Nations.

But to come back to the question of my German friend in the beginning of this article: "If I vote for Germany, do I declare myself to be a supporter of the Hitler régime?" No; of course not. The *pro* and *contra* of the Führer principle is not at stake, neither is the approval of the events of the last year and a half.

One should not forget that the principal purpose of the propaganda for the *status quo* is to give the Hitler régime a setback. *Westland*, the Saarbrücker weekly, writes on September 29th, 1934: "Here in the Saar territory Hitler must suffer the greatest and most decisive defeat, a defeat which will open the eyes of all Germans and which will give the *coup de grâce* to his 'System.'"

This is the ultimate purpose behind the exhortations of Toller, Mann, Kerr, Schwarzschild, Piscator, Bernhard and other *émigrés* to vote for the *status quo*.

This is also the aim of the Marxists, who even proposed that the emigrated leaders of the German social democrats should stop all propaganda during a few months to save money for the propaganda fight in the Saar territory.

This point of view is absolutely wrong. Germany itself will determine the fate of the Hitler régime. Voting for a separation of the Saar territory from Germany will be considered by every German as treason, and this is more likely to result in greater unity than in discord. No German inhabitant would bear separation without bitterness and hate; a deathblow would be inflicted and the thought of revenge would remain alive.

The whole population is convinced of the indisputable, and now no longer contested truth, that there is no such thing as the "Bassin de la Sarre," that a League of Nations' Saar has no more right to exist than a League of Nations' Bretagne, and that the reality remains for ever: *Deutsch ist die Saar.*

I have never withheld my criticism of the Hitler régime; *the seeds of which were sown in Versailles rather than in München.* It goes without saying that, to a person who has for several years defended liberal principles in the Dutch parliament, the democracies of, for instance, England and Holland stand on a higher plane than the dictatorship of the Third Reich.

The Dutch are often represented in caricature wearing clogs. The German propaganda and diplomacy have always been very clever at walking with clogs through the garden of international feeling. Every country must decide upon its own form of government. "*Ein jeder soll nach siener Façon selig werden,*" provided they take care not to offend mankind. Soviet Russia has immeasurably harmed itself by the horrible suppression of religion. Germany has been estranged from the whole civilized world by its atrocious behaviour to the Jews. Though all my ancestors are what German racial experts call a 100 per cent. Aryan, no Jew could be more seriously troubled by the treatment of Jews in Germany. A newspaper like Julius Streicher's "Der Stürmer" is an offence to mankind, and some time or other Germany must come to the conclusion that it will never be regarded by the rest of the world as being civilized as long as it does not change its policies.

William Hearst, the American newspaper king, has just come back from a prolonged sojourn in Germany. His opinion about Germany is not in the least unfriendly, but he considers their anti-Jewish politics a grave mistake which must be corrected.

I laugh at demagogues who want to play a dictator in countries which have never known either defeat, a

treaty of Versailles, or ruinous inflation; I also laugh at a man like Sir Oswald Mosley, once extreme Marxist, now would-be dictator, and at the twelve small parties with their twelve aspiring Hitlers—a small country likes to do things on a large scale—which exist in Holland at present. Old democracies do not renounce their tradition and history, and their population will not permit themselves to be "*gleichgeschalltet*"!

But all this has nothing to do with the question as to whether it will not only be favourable to Germany but also conducive to world-peace, that justice should be done by repatriation of a territory which should never have been separated from its fatherland.

The end of the letter to my German friend ran as follows: "Do not let your conscience be lulled to sleep by the widespread story that there may be another referendum later on. A *continued* separation from Germany means *permanent* separation from Germany. It makes me uneasy to think that another '*irredentum*,' carrying the seeds of another war, would be created. The English have a proverb: 'Right or wrong, my country.' There is only *one* question for you: Is Germany your native land and is the Saar German soil—yes or no? If the district I am residing in at present, were, after a war, in a similar position to the Saar, and if Holland were ruled by a Marxist, Fascist or National Socialist government, diametrically opposed to my liberal principles, still I would not hesitate a minute to vote for my country. In your case, I could never again proudly hold up my head as a German, were I to refuse my vote to Germany and thus betray my country."

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE Government is to be unreservedly congratulated upon its handling of the Saar problem. The decision to co-operate in the policing of the plebiscite area shows a realization of our responsibilities as a world Power which is in the great tradition of British diplomacy, and for which there are many excellent precedents. Having committed ourselves to the Locarno Pact, and Mr. Baldwin having stated that our frontier is now the Rhine, what happened in the Saar could not be indifferent to this country, for that district is too near Flanders for us to regard disturbances there with equanimity. At the same time, this does not mean that we are bound to send troops to every storm-centre. A British interest, namely the peace of the Low Countries, was at stake in the Saar, and the Government has sent British troops to protect it. That is all.

What should also be clearly grasped is that this satisfactory state of affairs does not imply that at long last talk has settled something at Geneva. For the first time for years a British Minister has had a definite policy, and he has put it into effect. This happy solution of a serious difficulty also shows what can be done at Geneva when Sir John Simon is not there. Since the settlement was announced the Foreign Secretary has left no stone unturned to secure the credit for it, though the latter clearly belongs to the Lord Privy Seal. Sir John has rarely handled Franco-German questions without, by his legal pedantry, making them more acute by offending either Berlin or Paris, and there is no reason to suppose that the present occasion would have proved an exception. The success of Mr. Anthony Eden is the measure of the failure of Sir John Simon. Many Foreign Secretaries would have felt called upon to resign after such a demonstration of their incompetence.

Hungary and Jugo-Slavia

SECOND only to the success of Mr. Eden with regard to the Saar plebiscite has been his triumph in effecting a compromise between the allegations of Jugo-Slavia and the denials of Hungary. It is no secret that for forty-eight hours the peace of Europe hung in the balance, for France and Italy were standing by their respective satellites just as Russia and Austria did, in not dissimilar circumstances, twenty years ago. Mr. Eden displayed all the skill of a Castlereagh or a Canning, and thus enabled Europe to round a very nasty corner. One trembles to think what would have happened had Sir John Simon been in his place.

Tribute must also be paid to Prince Paul of Jugo-Slavia. From the moment that he became Regent it was clear that he would have no easy task to control Zhivkovitch and the wilder pan-Serbs. The latter tried to force the Regent's hand by ordering the Hungarian expulsions while he was abroad, in the hope that by the time Prince Paul returned to Belgrade the Hungarians would have indulged in reprisals which would have made war inevitable, with Budapest in the character of the aggressor. The compromise with Hungary means that Prince Paul has won the first round with his domestic opponents, but the end is not yet, and Zhivkovitch is a dangerous enemy. Every friend of peace in Europe must wish the Regent more power to his elbow.

The Reform of the League

THE Saar and Jugo-Slav-Hungarian problems proved that the reform of the League of Nations is more urgent than ever. The spectacle of M. Benes descending from the Presidential chair to sit beside the protagonists in the dispute is the logical result of trying to convert a political assembly into a judicial body. This is as ridiculous as it was to expect the House of Commons to discuss election petitions in an impartial manner.

What is required is a panel of arbiters, who shall be

neither politicians nor lawyers, to whom questions, not suitable for The Hague tribunal, can be referred, and who will base their decisions on considerations of equity. Politics are the business of the Council and the Assembly, and law is that of the Permanent Court of International Justice, but there are many problems which are not legal in their nature, and should not be made political. A great step forward will have been taken in the direction of the pacific settlement of disputes when a board of arbitration has been established. It might also concern itself with Article 19 of the Covenant.

The Little Entente Nuisance

RECENT events make one despair of ever putting Europe on its feet again while the Little Entente entertains its present exaggerated ideas of its own importance. It is a far greater immediate danger to peace than Nazi Germany. By threatening to come to terms with Berlin the Little Entente is continually blackmailing Paris to support the uneasy *status quo* of the Succession States, and it is exerting all its power to prevent an understanding between France and Italy; a task in which it is aided by its jackals in the British Press. What was originally a union for defence has now become one for defiance.

The latest evidence of the aggressiveness of the Little Entente is its determination to use force to prevent the return of the Hapsburgs to Vienna. Article 10 of the Covenant of the League expressly stipulates that Members "undertake to respect and preserve the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled." By threatening force the Little Entente is thus violating the Covenant, and the sooner the matter is brought before the Council the better. One hopes that the moderating influence of

Prince Paul of Jugo-Slavia will soon be felt in this direction too.

The Greek Situation

THE recent alliance between the British and Greek Royal Families has resulted in a good many somewhat ill-informed references to the present political position in Greece. The Prime Minister of that country, M. Tsaldaris, obtained office two years ago by Royalist votes, but he has so far made no effort to restore the monarchy. This, however, has not deterred him from endeavouring to make capital for the Greek Republic out of the Royal Wedding, in spite of the fact that the most disgraceful libels on the Duchess of Kent in the Greek Press of M. Venizelos were allowed to pass unchallenged; though it is satisfactory to note that this scheme was nipped in the bud by the appropriate British authorities. The Royalist Mayor of Athens, it cannot be too widely known, wished to come to London, but was prevented.

It is to be hoped that the public enthusiasm in England will now convince M. Tsaldaris that his best policy is to carry out the wishes of the Greek people, and invite King George II to re-ascend the throne. Alone among her European neighbours Greece is deprived of the stabilizing force of monarchy, and she would do well to consider, for instance, how much Bulgaria owes to King Boris. A strong Greece is essential to the preservation of peace in the Mediterranean, and as the guarantee of this a restoration of the Greek monarchy would be most acceptable to Great Britain.

The Arms Traffic

IN marked contrast with the success of the Lord Privy Seal at Geneva are the tergiversations of the Foreign Secretary in the House of Commons in respect of the traffic in arms. On November 8th Sir John Simon made

a spirited defence of the existing licence system in this country, and turned on its Socialist critics in his best forensic manner. On the 21st he declared that his speech of the 8th was " unfortunate," and announced on behalf of the Government that an inquiry would be held into the whole question. This change of front was at once defended by the official Press as evidence of Sir John's greatness of soul in frankly admitting his mistakes.

Actually, it is clear proof that the Foreign Secretary never had a policy in respect of this, as of any other, question. He was given his brief by the Cabinet, and he argued it on the 8th. Those who had instructed him became alarmed at the effect upon the electorate of what he had said, so they briefed him in the opposite sense for the 21st. Those who may be inclined to query this interpretation of what happened are referred to the same gentleman's Protean gymnastics at Geneva on repeated occasions. Such behaviour has always characterized Sir John Simon, who must at one time and another have eaten more of his own words than any contemporary British politician.

The Coming Enquiry

IT must be frankly admitted that after the sweeping allegations which have been recently made in the United States there is a good case for an enquiry, but the case was as good on November 8th as on the 21st. Nothing had taken place in the interval to render it more urgent. One can hardly feel happy about the policy of an administration that is changed so completely within the space of a fortnight, or enthusiastic for a Foreign Secretary who appears to take positive delight in contradicting himself.

Those Conservatives who are so anxious to establish a State monopoly of the manufacture of armaments might with advantage reflect upon the weapon they are placing in the hands of the Socialists. What they are advocating is nothing less than the nationalization of the iron and

steel industry, and their support will be required for other measures of the same sort in the future. Has Lord Cecil ever heard the story of the spider and the fly?

Soviet Justice

THE various Liberal, Socialist, and Communist organizations which have been so vocal lately over the "persecution" of the Spanish workers are strangely silent about recent events in Russia. Yet the murder of Kiroff has been followed by a reign of terror unknown in Germany, Austria or Spain, let alone in Italy. On December 5th sixty-six people were tried and shot; on December 8th, the number was twelve in Moscow alone; and on December 11th it was nine. An interesting commentary upon the mentality of the present rulers of Russia is supplied by M. Radek in "Isvestia."

"Our humanity, our love of mankind, consists in preferring to shoot, if need be, many tens, even many hundreds, of White rabble trying to sabotage the cause of peace, rather than that millions of workers and peasants should suffer. Do you understand now, gentlemen? You can howl as loud as you like. The punishing arm of the proletariat will not for one instant delay its activities."

It would seem that here is a situation into which it would well become Lord Listowel and Miss Ellen Wilkinson to enquire.

The truth is that the Left in this country, as in every other, is completely indifferent to human suffering unless political capital can be made out of it. Unfortunately the mass of our population, being sentimental to an extent unknown elsewhere, is an easy prey; with the result that every foreign revolutionary who meets his deserts is regarded as a martyr. It is the duty of all who have any regard to fair play to show up these false humanitarians, and the best way to start is by asking them why they never protest against the atrocities perpetrated by the Soviets.

A Timely Book

THOSE who have not yet read "The Disarmament Deadlock," by J. W. Wheeler-Bennett (Routledge, 15s.) should do so without delay. The book covers a far wider field than its title would seem to imply, and it is in fact an eminently readable, though none the less scholarly, survey of world conditions at the present time. With the skill to which his many admirers have long been accustomed the author shows how such events as the Nazi revolution and the signing of the Four Power Pact fit into the general picture, and it is no exaggeration to say that this work is quite indispensable to all who wish to be well informed where international affairs are concerned. One is at a loss which to admire the more, its brilliance or its profundity.

Mr. Wheeler-Bennett is above all else a realist, which means that in these latter days he must of necessity be a good deal of a pessimist. He very pertinently asks:—

> " . . . May it not be that the advantages to France of her new friendship with the Soviet Union are not altogether certain? It must be remembered that the initiative in the original proposal came from the U.S.S.R., who is afraid not of Germany but of Japan, and if Germany were ever to become dangerous to the U.S.S.R. it would be when she was engaged with Japan. An *entente* with the Soviet Union, taking the definite form of a guarantee of her western frontier, might in such case prove more of a liability to France than an asset. It might prove a very serious business indeed, committing her even to an attack on Germany's western frontier, which, in any case murderous, might, if unsuccessful, provoke a counter-attack. In such an event, would the Western Locarno Pact of 1925 become operative? And would Great Britain and Italy become involved? And in any case who would be the aggressor?

These are indeed important points, and those who have read Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's book will be well qualified to consider them in their proper perspective.

The Outlook for 1935

THE New Year thus finds the international situation none too bright, but by no means so bad as it

has appeared more than once during the twelve months that are past. The potential storm centres are the Far East, the Danubian countries (thanks to the aggressive policy of the Little Entente), and the Rhine. No one, save a few fanatics in Belgrade, wants war, but then nobody wanted it in 1914. If matters are allowed to drift there will be war again; if they are not allowed to drift there will be no war.

The decision very largely rests with Great Britain. It has been recently shown how much she can do for the cause of peace and justice when she has a settled policy, and it is to be hoped that this will serve as a precedent. A policy, however, must be based upon a definite set of principles, and it is high time that the Government defined its principles. These can only be the preservation of peace, so long as this does not mean the perpetuation of injustice; co-operation with other Powers through the League of Nations as a piece of diplomatic machinery, but determined opposition to any attempt to convert it into a super-State; and the safeguarding of British interests throughout the world.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HUGH KINGSMILL

CONTENTS

Literary Notes	*By Hugh Kingsmill*
A Great Gentleman	*By Sir Charles Petrie*
G.K.'s Weekly	*By Norman Leach*
Bottom Dog	*By Richard Church*
Warlock—Heseltine	*By Brian Lunn*
Celine	*By George Reavey*
Good Talk	*By Douglas Goldring*
The Royal Navy	*By E. Keate*
Fiction	*By Osbert Burdett*
A French Critic	*By J.*
Books Recommended.	

Literary Notes

Lord David Cecil

IN his "Early Victorian Novelists" (Constable and Co. 10s. 6d.) Lord David Cecil deals with Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, Trollope, George Eliot and Mrs. Gaskell. He writes so excellently that one would like to have heard him on Charles Reade, who still awaits his resurrectionist. Outside Thackeray no Victorian novelist drew so lifelike a woman as Margaret in "The Cloister and the Hearth," a remarkable book which blends many of the distinctive merits of Walter Scott and Zola. The standpoint from which David Cecil appraises the Victorians is given in his introductory essay, where he says that the Victorian novelists have no Hamlets among their characters, no intellectuals, statesmen or artists—"Those deeper issues of human life which are the main interests of such characters do not form part

of the Victorian subject matter." These deeper issues, however, did not cease to exist because they were ignored, and Cecil might with advantage have gone on to show how the determination to ignore these issues was responsible for the sentimentality of Dickens, Thackeray and the rest, with the exception of Emily Brontë. "The gloomy, the sordid and the sinister," Cecil says, formed the special province of Dickens's imagination, which was not "stimulated by the sweet and the sunshiny." It was the suppression of his consciousness of so many elements in human nature which produced this morbid strain in Dickens. In the less intense and far less self-centred Thackeray, the evasion of reality was more deliberate, and therefore both more superficial and more irritating. "In the midst of Thackeray's subtlest melody, his richest passages of orchestration," Cecil writes, "there jars on our ears, faintly, a false note."

This book of Lord David Cecil's shows that the Early Victorian period has now definitely passed into history, and can be treated with cool detachment. Cecil, like Lytton Strachey, by whom he has been greatly influenced, is essentially academic in his attitude to life and letters. One suspects him of a distaste for life until it has been removed to a considerable distance. This is a pity, for he is an exceptionally acute and delicate critic, and would be a great one if he had as much warmth as light.

The Early Victorian Age

"EARLY VICTORIAN ENGLAND, 1830–1865" (edited by G. M. Young. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. 42s.) is another proof of the safe distance to which the first half of Victoria's reign has now receded. It is a companion work to the survey of Johnson's England, recently compiled by Mr. Turberville, and is of equal interest and value. Among the subjects treated are Work and Wages, the Press, Town Life, Holidays and Travel, the Navy and Army, Country Life and Sport, and there can be nothing but praise for the skill with which

the editor has fitted together the various parts of his panorama. His epilogue, entitled Portrait of an Age, is also an admirable piece of work. The epoch which Mr. Young summarizes in this epilogue was perhaps the most complex in the history of Europe, since it included not only the readjustments after the French Revolution and Napoleon, but also the transition from sail and coach to trains and steamers and the electric telegraph. "A generation," Mr. Young writes, "which has come to take invention for granted and is, perhaps, more sensitive to its mischiefs than its benefits, cannot easily recover the glory of an age when knowledge, and with it power, seemed to have been released for an illimitable destiny." Shaping and helping to intensify this enthusiasm for material benefits was the force of Puritanism, released from the post-Restoration and eighteenth-century attempts at its suppression. "He found himself at every turn," Mr. Young says of the man of 1840, "controlled, and animated, by the imponderable pressure of the Evangelical discipline and the almost universal faith in progress." At the same time the innate individualism of the English character chafed at the Evangelical-mechanical pressure of the age, and found its spokesman in Dickens, of whom Mr. Young acutely says—"In all Dickens's work there is a confusion of mind which reflects the perplexity of his time; equally ready to denounce on the grounds of humanity all who left things alone, and on the grounds of liberty all who tried to make them better." Like Lord David Cecil, Mr. Young has the academic outlook, and his limitations are shown in the most deeply felt passage of his epilogue. "In the far distance I can well conceive the world turning wistfully in imagination, as to the culminating achievement of European culture, to the life of the University-bred classes in England of the mid-nineteenth century, set against the English landscape as it was, as it can be no more, but of which nevertheless some memorials remain with us to-day, in the garden at Kelmscott, in the hidden

valleys of the Cotswolds, in that walled close where all the pride and piety, the peace and beauty of a vanished world would seem to have made their last home under the spire St. Mary of Salisbury."

If by culture Mr. Young means a cautious enjoyment of those works of genius which have been disinfected for academic appreciation by the passage of time, his eulogy of the University-bred classes of the mid-nineteenth century may pass. But if by culture he means either the ability to anticipate the general recognition of a great writer, or a quick sense of the evils of the age, he will find it hard to substantiate his eulogy with particular instances. Mr. Young admires Dostoevsky, and may be interested to see mid-nineteenth century England and its University-bred classes through Dostoevsky's eyes.

Dostoevsky in Victorian London

IN a recent number of "The European Quarterly" (Stanley Nott. One shilling), a review which is being ably edited by Edwin Muir and Janko Lavrin, Mr. R. Gill has translated an account Dostoevsky wrote in the early 'sixties of a visit to London. This is how Saturday night in London appeared to Dostoevsky—"In the butcher's shops and in the eating houses gas begins to flare in great jets, brightly illuminating the street. It is just as if some ball had been arranged for these white negroes. Drunkenness is everywhere, but it is joyless, sad, and gloomy; a strange silence seems always to prevail. Only now and then do abuse and brutal fights disturb this uneasy silence which weights upon you so heavily. The whole crowd make haste to become intoxicated as soon as possible, and to the point of unconsciousness. The women are in no way behind, and get drunk along with their husbands while the children crawl and run about among them." He continues with a picture of the Haymarket, the centre of Victorian night-life—"Amid this horrible throng the drunken vagabond lurches, and thither resorts the titled man of wealth. Abuse, loud quarrelling and groans may be heard . . . I remember

that I once espied among the crowd a little girl of no more than six, all in rags, dirty, bare-footed, exhausted and bruised . . . She kept on moving her tousled head . . . as though reasoning about something; she spread out her little hands in gesticulation, and then suddenly clasped them together and pressed them to her breast." Dostoevsky did not visit the hidden valleys of the Cotswolds, or watch pride and piety ambling round Salisbury Cathedral, but he formed his own conclusions about the clerical division of the University-bred classes, and was less impressed by its piety than by its pride. "The Anglican clergy and bishops . . . live on their ample incomes and grow corpulent in perfect ease of conscience. They are great pedants, highly educated men, and in a pompous and joyless way they actually believe in their own moral smugness . . . Theirs is the religion of the rich, and no attempt is made to conceal the fact." The culture to which Mr. Young believes a future world will look back wistfully was invisible to Dostoevsky, who being a man of genius did not mistake a veneer of taste for a union of heart, intellect and imagination.

Ernest Dowson

MR. DESMOND FLOWER has brought out a complete edition of the poetical works of Ernest Dowson (Cassell and The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.). That Mr. Flower is not a sure guide to the merits of Dowson will be obvious at once to the readers of his introduction, in which he says that Oscar Wilde "knows no master in the art of handling our language," and claims that the 'nineties and the Elizabethan age "present striking similarities." He has, however, done a good service in gathering together the poems of his hero. Dowson was often tawdry. His most famous poem, Cynara, is, except for a line or two, bombastic and unreal. "Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet" will hardly seem great poetry to anyone over the age of nineteen, but

towards the close the feeling becomes sincere in "Then falls thy shadow, Cynara, the night is thine," and there are lines of the same beauty in some of his other poems, for example—

> The long night cometh, starless, void of sun;
> What light shall serve thee like her golden face?

But on the whole Dowson wrote his own epitaph as a poet in—

> I was not sorrowful, but only tired
> Of everything that ever I desired.

A Great Gentleman

PRINCE RUPERT THE CAVALIER. By CLENNELL WILKINSON. (Harrap. 8s. 6d.)

THIS is biography as it should be written, and Mr. Clennell Wilkinson proves himself a master of his craft. He is not of the school which seeks to portray character in a few epigrammatic sentences of dubious accuracy and undoubted bad taste; rather does he concentrate on the cumulative effect of what he has written, and in none of his works, save possibly "Bonnie Prince Charlie," has this method been so conspicuously successful as in the present instance. When the reader arrives at the last page, which he will do with regret, he will have come to know Rupert in all his moods, at his best as well as his worst. There can be no higher praise for a biography.

Not the least extraordinary thing about Rupert was his moderation. Himself a foreigner, trained in that most bloody of schools, the Thirty Years' War, he never employed German methods in English warfare, and except for the massacre after Naseby, the Civil War in England itself was conducted in a humane manner. This is the more remarkable when one remembers the barbarities committed by both sides during the Wars of the Roses, and by the victors in the Jacobite risings. Mr. Clennell Wilkinson shows that Rupert was above all else a soldier, and this may supply the answer: had Charles I placed an enthusiast in charge of his cavalry the story might well have been very different.

This professional attitude on the part of Rupert also explains

the latter's difference with his uncle after the surrender of Bristol. The King regarded the war as a crusade, while his nephew looked on it as a business, in which the prudent man cuts his losses while he has the chance. Charles thought Bristol should have been held to the bitter end, but Rupert considered he had done well to bring off the garrison of a place that was clearly untenable. The author quite clearly appreciates both points of view, and this makes his treatment of the subject the more valuable.

Mr. Clennell Wilkinson, moreover, brings to his task a considerable knowledge of both the theory and practice of warfare. In these pages he proves that Rupert was a great deal more than the *beau sabreur* of popular fiction, and in fact broke away from the tactics of Gustavus Adolphus and Condé, while anticipating those of Sobieski and Murat. Indeed, in this as in so much else, notably his foreign policy, Cromwell was the representative of an earlier generation, and he was rather a first-class organizer than a great general. Had Rupert possessed the advantages of his rival in the matter of men and money, Marston Moor might well have told a different tale.

This should take its place as the standard work upon its subject, and it can be safely recommended to the student and the general reader alike, for the author has placed both equally in his debt.

CHARLES PETRIE.

G.K.'s weekly

G.K.'s MISCELLANY. (Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.)

CLEANING out the literary wardrobe is a graceless task, for the ten-year old poem and essay seem a trifle weary and fly-blown and almost as antique a period piece as a contemporary bowler-hat. But Mr. Chesterton's weekly has stood the excavations quite well, probably because most of its material was written to relate to a fairly coherent central idea. For "G.K.'s Weekly," from the first five hundred issues of which the contents of this book are chosen was founded, Mr. Chesterton tells us in his introduction, to preach the gospel of Distributism, and he laments that it was called "G.K.'s Weekly" and not "Distributism" or some such title, because he was assured that few people had heard of Distributism, but most had heard of G.K.C.

It is fortunate for the appeal of this anthology that most of

its criticisms are necessarily destructive, concerned, presumably, with knocking down the old house before it collapses on us to our injury. The positive statements of Distributism are comparatively few. For the same or a worse economic situation exists now as when the paper began, and its jests and criticisms accordingly still have point. Thus the article on the American who was going to set up in business " not-raising hogs " has still remarkable relevance, though this, of course, is probably from a comparatively recent issue.

But the book is by no means confined to pointing out the vices of our present social and economic system and singing the praises of the peasant, happy in his simple faith under the Distributist system—it has much more intentionally funny material. Indeed, it contains some old friends which appear surprisingly here. Father Ronald Knox's paper on " The Authorship of In Memoriam "—a brilliant effort—first appeared in the preliminary number and is reprinted here, and there are, too, some of Hilaire Belloc's Mrs. Markham's Conversations. The book is embellished, as the term goes, with reproductions of excellent cartoons—from Low, Powys Evans, Dyson and Derrick, including a delicious Derrick, " Heavy Industrials remain Firm." Altogether, it is all highly amusing and boisterous, a symptom of the periodical paper which can carry on its propaganda with wit and coherence. There are a few articles which are rather bleak and which seem a trifle uncomfortable in their cloth boards and some which smack rather of the Great Thought, but only a few.

And there are, too, some creative pipings. But when Mr. Chesterton and his myrmidons begin to express their soul-surgings, there pours forth a flood of verse, either of the generally hearty or merely beery variety at which the dull brain perplexes and retards. Altogether, the witty propagandist seems to be their genre.

NORMAN LEACH.

Bottom Dog

WHO ONCE EATS OUT OF THE TIN BOWL. By HANS FALLADA. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

SINCE the anatomy of human society first began to be investigated and recorded, one singular thing has persisted; and that is the historian's big-brotherly feeling toward the bottom dog, that mongrel-minded member who can't fit into the scheme of things;

who can never get a job that suits him, who always turns up at an incriminating moment, who always betrays decent women and is betrayed by bad women, who hasn't an ounce of guile or a gramme of guts, and who is perpetually " known to the police."

He comes from all grades of society. He hobnobs with princes; he might even be a prince; he pushes old-clo' barrows, he hangs about racecourses and religious meetings. He is the dark shadow that haunts every professional philanthropic organization.

Well, here he is once and for all summed up and immortalized by the German novelist Hans Fallada, in a huge piece of Teutonic realistic-sentimental fiction that stands outside all political questions and doctrinal dangers. In " Little Man What Now," Hans Fallada portrayed a young married couple of the lower middle class (a class which perhaps exists in Germany more sordidly and complacently than anywhere else). He showed there an intimate knowledge of the large emotions, the meagre intelligence, and the microscopic means of expressing them; those chief characteristics of people condemned to that " class." Fallada knew all the little daily tricks and heroisms of that pathetic self-expression, its hopes and fears and apologies (principally the last two).

Now he has gone a step further into this particularity, revealing in his " hero," Willi Kufalt, all of these class characteristics, plus the extra ones of a person declassed from that " class." (What a queer word it becomes with repetition!) Poor little Kufalt, so sinister handed that whatever effort he makes towards respectability always goes crooked and lands him once again in jug, so that in the end he gives up the effort and resigns himself to what he comes to believe is his natural and spiritual home—the prison cell with the familiar tin bowl which symbolizes the only nourishment he ever gets from his intercourse with his fellow-creatures. Kufalt, perhaps, is a divine reminder to mankind of the slightly ridiculous picture presented by this human race; a warning not to be too sententious or self-satisfied, since there, but for the Grace of God, go a hundred million mortals who might share Willi's tin bowl and be portrayed so gently and graciously by Hans Fallada!

RICHARD CHURCH.

Warlock—Heseltine

PETER WARLOCK: A MEMOIR OF PHILIP HESELTINE. By CECIL GRAY. With contributions by SIR RICHARD TERRY and ROBERT NICOLLS. Foreword by AUGUSTUS JOHN. (Cape. 10s. 6d.)

PHILIP HESELTINE was a composer and writer of genius who died of gas poisoning in December, 1930, aged thirty-six.

The coroner recorded an open verdict, a gesture of sympathy with the survivors, " the tragedy of his end " being, as Mr. Gray says, " not his but that of his friends."

Mr. Gray finds one cause of suicide to have been a " black mood of self-distrust and sense of failure, it being the peculiar attribute of this state of mind, that no matter how often it occurs to one, it seems each time to be final, definitive." But Sir Richard Terry, paying tribute to " a creative artist who could penetrate the minds of Elizabethan composers as no mere transcriber could ever hope to do," remembers him shortly before his death " waving his farewell from the gate—virile and splendid, exultant with the joy of life; " and Mr. Gray does not believe that any such temporary despair alone would have produced the desperate act.

Mr. Gray's theory is that the choice of the Elizabethan pseudonym Peter Warlock was of special, fatal significance to Philip Heseltine. It emphasized a dichotomy in his nature which had always existed; when his gentleness was exacerbated by the tickling of incompetent admiration, or by his own failure to externalize his emotions in music, the strong claws shot out to rend mercilessly, sometimes at random. Now the hairless Heseltine was not much of a success with women, and was ignored by the profession of music. The bearded, roystering Warlock was acclaimed by the same critics who had dismissed the work of Heseltine; masterful and compelling, women could not resist him.

The success of Warlock aroused Heseltine's disgust that the more shoddy values should prevail, and intensified Heseltine's despair of expressing the true reality of the man who wrote " It is my conviction that the success of externalization in art depends solely upon interior clarity. . . . I believe that those who imagine themselves thus obstructed (by lack of technique) simply deceive themselves because the truth is not in them."

This biography by his friend, boon companion, and collaborator is much more than a brilliant and loving portrait, moving in its restraint. In Heseltine's letters and Gray's comments thereon a great deal of contemporary music is dealt with, and the author of *The History of Music* has again succeeded in showing that the

same canons are valid for music as for the other arts, and that it need not be a mystery to the inexpert.

Mr. Nicholls, who considers that the genius of Heseltine was lyrical, and that he was lacking in sense for the dramatic, relates an episode which shows what trouble Heseltine would take to enjoy a melodramatic situation. His contribution and Mr. John's enthralling account of Heseltine and his friends in action have been admirably fitted into the general narrative.

BRIAN LUNN.

Celine

JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT. By LOUIS-FERDINAND CELINE. Translated by JOHN MARKS. (Chatto & Windus. 543 pp. 10s. 6d.)

MR. CELINE'S "Journey to the End of the Night" is a vehement and remarkable but unmistakably "post-war" book. Its energy, directness and aggressiveness are a kind of catharsis, a rhetorical triumph for the author rather than any satisfaction for its despairing hero. Briefly, it relates in the first person and in the tradition of the picaresque novel the successive experiences of Dr. Bardamu, whom ruthless fate flings into the melting-pot of the war and thence in turn into a madhouse, French colonial Africa, America, the Paris suburbs, another lunatic asylum (as a doctor this time) and among the strange fauna of the Paris underworld. As may be imagined, these peregrinations provide a host of lively incidents and character studies; but as far as Dr. Bardamu is concerned any of these places might be the jungle, and his wounded sensibility and profound disgust at his fellow men find relief in cynicism, swiftian distortion of perspective and grim concentration on the physical or pathological aspects of appearance and behaviour. This limits, of course, the author's actual range of experience, and there is no escape for his hero from a very circumscribed *inferno*. Mr. Celine's idiom, richly spiced with *argot*, serves his purpose admirably, and many of the descriptive passages and phrases are memorable. Mr. Marks' English version is a very fair colloquial rendering and, considering the difficulties of the task, very well done; but some of the spice of the original has perhaps unavoidably been lost.

"Journey to the End of the Night" calls up many analogies, and it is in a sense a composite book. It might also be called

a *chef d'œuvre* of Surréalism. It is in any case an artistic *tour de force* and a document likely to interest the philosopher, psychiatrist and sociologist as well as the ordinary reader. Its pathos, rage and impotence reflect no doubt the mental state of many sensitive people whom the stupid inevitabilities of the 20th century appal and dismay. Dr. Bardamu is so overcome by the blatant illogicality of it all that he ceases to be an actor in the tragi-comedy of bitter communal experience and becomes a wary and revengeful automaton whose one idea is to escape from the clutches of a ruthless machine run by madmen. The blood sympathy is gone and the resulting "soullessness," as Lawrence would put it, is reminiscent of the callous atmosphere of Driberg's "Bottom Dogs." But happily Celine's sympathetic currents have only been bottled up, and when he gets a chance he slaps straight into the brutes who have been bullying him, and spares neither their feelings nor our own. His is a poetic revolt *à la* Rimbaud, but with less splendour and more surgical apparatus in the Salvador Dali fashion. But if he does not get out of his dark night, he yet succeeds in making a good book out of a bad world.

GEORGE REAVEY.

Good Talk

THE LAWYER'S LAST NOTEBOOK, ANONYMOUS. (Martin Secker. 5s.)

IN his latest "Notebook"—I cannot believe that it is his "last" in any other sense—the Lawyer has added some extra touches to that engaging portrait of an eighteenth century Englishman, born out of due time, which its two predecessors outlined for us. Like a good talker who has been encouraged by a friendly and appreciative audience, his observations have become more intimate, his humour is riper and some of his stories more Rabelaisian. Anecdotes such as those labelled "A Social Triumph" and "Opportunity," which a clumsy narrator would have to reserve for the smoking-room, are, however, handled with a Gallic lightness of touch which renders them innocent of the least offence. On such topics as "normal Drinking" and "The effects of Alcohol" the Lawyer writes with a robust and refreshing commonsense—a quality noticeably lacking in most of the evidence given before the recent Royal Commission—though his views are apt to be tinged by personal prejudices.

He quotes with approval Dr. Johnson s dictum, " claret for boys, port for men, brandy for heroes." Whisky, on the other hand, which he discovered early in life did not agree with him, he considers only suitable for " addicts." But how about those great Scottish dialecticians who used to split theological points far into the night, and those thunderous Moderators of the Scottish Kirk who, inspired by the wine of their country, described from the pulpit the horrors of Hell with such astounding eloquence? The Scot might reply to our Johnsonian lawyer that although whisky, like every other drink, has its dangers for the feeble-minded, it stimulates and clarifies a well-stocked brain, whereas the heavy, re-inforced wines of the Peninsula, which George Borrow despised so heartily, merely confuse and fuddle. The argument suggests the possibility of an agreeable contest. The Lawyer should be asked to debate a given theme with some opponent of equal intellectual calibre, who is an " addict," before an impartial and preferably teetotal umpire. While the Lawyer progressed from the " manly " to the " heroic " stages and the " addict " also progressed after his own fashion, it would be the umpire's duty to decide which party stuck the more closely to his points and made the more illuminated comments.

When the Lawyer states that he is " quite certain that really *good* liquor with meals (and occasionally, without them) never hurt anyone," those of his readers for whom, alas, " really *good* liquor " is usually unprocurable, will find his advice as useful as a Harley Street doctor's, or that given by the late George Edwardes on a famous occasion. After a prolonged sojourn at a German spa, during which he was cured of acute rheumatism, Edwardes went for a motor tour in Ireland. While he was being driven through a remote and impoverished district he noticed by the roadside an elderly farm labourer who was obviously crippled by rheumatism. In the goodness of his heart he immediately stopped the car, jumped out and addressed the sufferer : " My dear fellow," he cried, " I see you are a martyr to rheumatism. So was I. Now you take my advice. Stick to hock and moselle, cut out everything else, and in six months you'll be as right as rain."

The art of conversation is becoming so rare in English social life that it is all the more valuable to find examples of it between covers. Almost every paragraph in this book, like all good talk, promotes discussion and if space allowed a review of it might be prolonged indefinitely. The lawyer's three notebooks are books

which "no gentleman's library should be without." They are bedside books and the right shelf for them is the one which starts with Max Beerbohm, ends with Mr. Pooter, and is occupied, in the middle, by A. M. Binstead. In other words, they are modest minor classics.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

The Royal Navy

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG. By ADMIRAL MARK KERR. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

THE NAVAL MEMOIRS OF ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR ROGER KEYES. (Thorton Butterworth. 21s.)

THESE two books belong to the same category, although in themselves they differ considerably. They are both valuable records of naval history during the war and shortly before the war, written from within. Both the authors are distinguished Admirals, with a fine record of experience and active service behind them. Sir Roger Keyes' name is indeed known to all the world in connection with his famous attack on Zeebrugge; though he does not deal with it in this book.

Prince Louis of Battenberg's life was one of unusual interest, though, as Admiral Kerr says in his foreword, "the book does not profess to be a complete *Life* of Prince Louis, but only a series of sketches," chiefly of his professional career. He was of mixed descent, German on his father's side, Russian-Pole on his Mother's side, and he entered the British Navy as a young boy through the influence of his English cousins, Princess Alice of Hesse and Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh. He was, of course, naturalized as an Englishman on joining the Navy, and in that Service distinguished himself from beginning to end.

The tragedy of his life was the advent of war with Germany, when, in view of the rising agitation in the Press against everyone German and of German descent, he thought it right to offer his resignation as First Sea Lord, in October, 1914. Admiral Kerr attributes his action to "the slanderous attacks of a few senior officers who were (and had been for a long time) extremely jealous of the trust and confidence placed in Prince Louis by successive Commanders-in-Chief under whom he had served."

Prince Louis himself never referred to any "slanderous attacks," only to his "unhappy position," in which he acted, as

Winston Churchill said in *The World Crisis*, 1911–14, "in a manner worthy of a sailor and a Prince."

It is difficult to indicate shortly the vital interest of Sir Roger Keyes' *Naval Memoirs*, because he has dealt in considerable detail with the submarine question from 1910–1915, and with the Dardanelles campaign in 1915. The outstanding attraction of the book is that the author writes chiefly of events during the war in which he himself took part. He does not have to say "It is generally believed," or even to refer to someone else's despatch, he can write of his own opinions and proceedings and his own dealings with the men in high power during the first years of the war, and he gives honest praise to Mr. Churchill.

"I think Winston Churchill's name will always be honoured in history for his great strategic effort long after his critics are forgotten. . . . In the light of our knowledge to-day can anyone doubt that the forcing of the Dardanelles would have shortened the war by two years, and spared literally millions of lives?"

The maps and plans published in the volume are invaluable for following the really enthralling descriptions and discussions of naval, and combined naval and military, strategy.

The whole book may be said to reiterate forcibly a very old lesson—"The strong man armed keepeth his goods in peace."

E. KEATE.

Fiction

HOW LIKE AN ANGEL. By A. G. MACDONELL. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)
CLAUDIUS THE GOD AND HIS WIFE MESSALINA. By ROBERT GRAVES. (Barker, 10s. 6d.)
PECKOVER. By J. D. BERESFORD. (7s. 6d.)

THE brief lull that occurs in publishing after Christmas is one of the few blessings that Progress has not yet destroyed. The best way to use it is to read an old classic. The old classic, however, is safe from reviewers. We, then, should do the next best thing, which is to turn readers back to some of the recent good books that some people may have overlooked.

We will begin with a lark, and beg people not to miss the extended lark that Mr. Macdonell's vitality maintains for a full-length novel. But the unwary should be warned that this lark is not lunacy—unless it be so, accurately to describe the lunacy of publicity that modern gadgets—the film, the newspapers,

wireless, and mechanical flying—have enabled rogues to exploit, fools to enjoy, and idiots to wish to be the centre of. Mr. Macdonell had but to become uncritical and abject, like the print and screen addicts who form his background, and his story of an innocent roped-in by rogues to enhance the ' publicity-value ' of a female film-star's tour would have become a popular ' romance ' instead of a very well-observed exposure. Fantastic and very funny as his narrative is, it is funny because it happens, not because, alas, it is a fantastic nightmare. He brings great gifts to this report. Critical detachment, rapidity of incident, observation of human types, legal verisimilitude, wit, excellent dialogue, vivid description—London from the air, an escape through its streets, two counterfeit presentments of men's and women's clubs, a match at Lord's, a match in Suffolk—that kind of satire which is the sober truth of, for instance, what passes for education, are the chief. He also has, which suits this theme a prose-rhythm faster than any my ears remember to have heard. It goes, always, at full gallop. The only flaws I can find are two. He calls London pavements ' sidewalks ' ; and his keen eye for human types has the interesting limitation that none of his perfectly recognizable types is a separately distinguishable human being. So good is his work that we may even hope he will not rest on his laurels as a reporter of lunacy, but will add to them by evoking the good sense that, unreported, maintains the world in which the lunatics are left at large. ' That which shows is, verily, but show,' and it is that which does *not* show, but shuns the limelight, which now needs all the emphasis that his exceptional sanity and vital imagination can bestow upon it.

With *Claudius the God* we pass from superficial to real interest, from summer-lightning to sunshine, from brilliance to beauty. Mr. Robert Graves has obviously written the major historical narrative of the year. It is full, quiet, learned, like a great wine, and its rhythm is as steady as a healthy pulse, with no resemblance at all to the ceaseless patter of an internal combustion-engine. This supposed autobiography of the father of the emperor Nero (too detailed and too interesting to summarize in a few lines, but well summarized on the dust-jacket) has another interest. It concerns the history that even educated men know least, the history that is never taught, of such people as the Herod family in Judea, of that outer circle in fact that felt the hand of Rome but would have disappeared from general recollection if it

had not also been the human cradle of Christianity. Mr. Graves seems to rescue from idle romancers the figures of Messalina, Herodias, and Mariamne, and he has the advantage of Gibbon in that, unlike that great historian, he has a sense of history. Gibbon was mainly concerned with learning and with the controversial uses to which such learning might be bent. Gibbon wrote history backwards, from the standpoint of his own time, and is thus worse than useless for our understanding (as distinct from our knowledge) of any other. Whatever Mr. Graves' opinions may be, he regards them as impertinent to his purpose. This is narrative: that rare and splendid pleasure so hard to find. It is not a book to borrow, but to own; not a book to lend, but to re-read. In its noble aristocratic class, it comes to us with the suggestion of a classic.

Mr. J. D. Beresford has become the sympathetic delineator of the humdrum whose starved instincts impel them to wriggle under the steam-roller of compulsory secular education, and under the harrow of cannibalist competitive industry, like worms with just enough vitality left to remember that there was, once, a time before they had been flattened out and cut in two. It is rather amusing, then, to find that his new hero, Peckover, can recover his memory only by forgetting his name and address. This loss enables him to transcend his grub-state of suburban ticket-holder, to have an adventure comparable to Mr. Polly's, and (in the kind hands of this humane author) to pay but a nominal price for having saved his soul alive. It is a good, carefully written, amusing, tender novel. The only real flaw in Mr. Beresford's books is that he himself seems not totally to have emerged beyond the second or chrysalis stage. With every new book of his we hope to see those furled wings at last opening. *Peckover* is a powerful effort at disengagement, but those wings are a bit cramped and sleepy still!

OSBERT BURDETT.

A French Critic

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By EMILE LEGOUIS. (Translated—Clarendon Press. 6s.)

THIS survey of English literature from Anglo-Saxon times to the present day, from Beowulf to Samuel Butler, is a "stepping-stone" to the larger history by the author and

Professor Cazamian and is written with Professor Legouis' customary tact and judgment. As the present age is moving on perilous ground, the last chapter (qualified as provisional) is the least satisfactory, and Professor Legouis considers that it will have to "be re-written and filled up after the lapse of some decades." In this future revision he would do well to reconsider whether he has not caught too many little fishes in his fine-meshed net (for instance, Mrs. Hemans and John Keble); and also, whether he has not over-estimated the "beautifully-wrought prose" of Robert Louis Stevenson, the "maturity" of the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "de Profundis," the "psychological boldness and penetration" of Lytton Strachey, and the "subtle analysis" of Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga." Keats's "Lamia, Isabella and the Eve of St. Agnes" was published in July 1820, not 1819.

J.

Books Recommended

THE SERIAL UNIVERSE. J. W. DUNNE. (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.)

MUNGO PARK AND THE NIGER. STEPHEN GWYNN. (The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.)

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF W. B. YEATS. (Macmillan. 15s.)

KING OF AIR FIGHTERS. THE BIOGRAPHY OF MAJOR "MICK" MANNOCK. IRA JONES. (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 10s. 6d.)

ASEFF: THE RUSSIAN JUDAS. BORIS NICOLAIEVSKY. Translated by GEORGE REAVEY. (Hurst and Blackett. 18s.)

INDIA MINTO AND MORLEY, 1905–1910. MARY, COUNTESS OF MINTO. (Macmillan. 21s.)

THE NEW AMERICA. A STUDY AT FIRST HAND OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RECOVERY PLAN. SIR ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

FRANCIS I. FRANCIS HACKETT. (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.)

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN. JANET SPENS. (Edward Arnold. 8s. 6d.)

CHRISTIANITY AND THE NATURE OF HISTORY. H. G. WOOD. (Cambridge University Press. 6s.)

COLERIDGE ON IMAGINATION. I. A. RICHARDS. (Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d.)

VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON. POLITICUS. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE RECKLESS COMPANY. F. W. DE VALDA. (Nelson. 7s. 6d.)

NEWS FROM THE PAST, 1805–1887. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE 19TH CENTURY NEWSPAPER. EXTRACTS COMPILED BY YVONNE FFRENCH. Introduction by SIR JOHN SQUIRE. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

ON skis I have shot both ptarmigan and black-cock in Norway. There more than in any other country in the world the art of ski-ing is brought to perfection, for the good reason that it was the original home of ski-running from time immemorial.

That form of movement, which was once mans' ascerbity to move over snow-clad hills and valleys, has become the great winter sport of modern civilization. I know no landscape so spacious, open and undulating as that of Norway, and no winter climate that produces finer or firmer crisp snow, the ideal snow for the ski experts.

FRIENDS of mine have made long Ski journeys in Norway, an impossibility in other places, for the Norwegian mountains are flanked with broad undulating valleys and moorlands extending for miles. The scenery, to those who love the winter in a fir-clad land, is entrancing. Above, the heights of the mountains bathed in glorious sunshine, from out a light blue sky; below, the valleys with their cosy villages, fringed in glorious belts of snow-laden pines. For miles this contour spreads and the ski-er half way, as it were, between heaven and earth making his journey along the flanks of the hills, is in a winter paradise of beauty as well as sport.

WHETHER the visitor approaches Norway from Oslo or from Bergen he has at his disposal the comfortable State Railways with their numerous centres. There is from now on two months ski-ing and other winter sports in the lowlands and to those who wish to carry on till the middle of April, the snow in the uplands is perfect till well after Easter.

It would be invideous to say which winter resort I liked the best, but the view from Lake Mjosa above Lillehammer, where facilities for ski-ing are superb is one I shall long remember, and I have seen more people at the famous Jumping Contest at Holmen Kollen than I have ever seen at Wembley Stadium for the Football Cup or at any race meeting—the Derby not excepted.

SO reasonable are the inclusive charges, boat, rail and hotel, that I venture to state that they can be beaten nowhere, and anyone who knows the proverbial kindness and hospitality of the Norwegians as hosts, will know that pleasure and sport there will never be exploited for gain, as it undoubtedly is in some other places.

Fefor, Finse, Geilo, Hosbjor, Oslo, Tretten, Ustaoset, are only a few of the places I would gladly recommend. There in Norway is an atmosphere of winter sport, for real sport's sake, and not nearly so much of the other, and oftentimes expensive social amenities, which add to the burden of the exchequer and which if people need, they can find at home.

EVEN as horse racing may be said to be the national sport of England and cricket its national game, so sk-ing and other winter sports are most exclusively deep-centred in Norway than anywhere else in the world. It is

saying a good deal, but it is true and I have enjoyed winter sports is Canada, the new England States, Switzerland and the Tyrol.

* * *

WINTER, is of all times, the best to appreciate the aristocratic qualities of good port. Port wine was once described as "our noblest legacy," the combination of the strength of youth with the wisdom of age. It is a wine only to be drunk with reverence. The other day I drank some fine old port of the House of Sandeman, that famous House whose head was once the Governor of the Bank of England. What spacious days they must have been when the Governor of the Bank was a man, who knew the value of good wine!

There was a time when the officer of the Bank Guard was regaled more handsomely than he is in these days. We must not allow modern scientific civilization to kill some fine old customs of hospitality and cheer. But let me commend three fine vintages, 1887, 1890, and 1894, and of the present century, 1908 and 1917. I tried them all and went home extremely partial to the wine of 1908, which I learn is now somewhat scarce.

* * *

AND what a joy it was to taste some *original* Yellow Chartreuse, now only £10 a litre, but this famous firm is not too anxious to sell. Real good things are always scarce.

* * *

I AM told that the best way to see Spain is by car. Once upon a time it was by mule or donkey. Oh! those ambling mules, still useful upon a mountain side! But nowadays it is by car, and at Biarritz I found a Daimler Pullman all ready to take me for a three weeks' ride around Spain. From Biarritz to Saragosa, over the Pyrenees, thence on to Barcelona, Tarragona, Valencia, Alicante, Almeria, Granada—with its donkeys galore among the sugar canes—Malaga, Ronda, and on to Seville, where I saw more fine dancing and prettier women than I have seen for a long time.

* * *

AFTER Seville, Cordova with its fine Arab Mosque, then on to Toledo, Madrid Burgos, and back over the old Basque provinces to Biarritz and home via Paris.

* * *

THOSE who may want to know what this means can be told in brief; wonderful sunshine, journeys through magnificent mountain country, through historic centres of ancient European civilization, through vineyards and orange groves and the great world-known Provinces of Navarre, Aragon, Catalonia, Castile and Andalusia. It is the Spain of its ancient brave people, with their picturesque costumes, charming manners and perfect gallantry, and all at a cost of about 70 guineas from London back to London.

These Lammin Tours, full particulars of which can be had at 123 Pall Mall, are leaving London on February 16th, March 9th and 29th, April 20th, May 18th, and later dates in the summer.

* * *

A RECENT visit to Golder's Green Crematorium gave a remarkable impression on the largely increased number of cremations that are now taking place. I remember it when cremations were few and far between, when an uncle of mine

was one of the earliest members of the Cremation Society. The custom has now long since passed through the stages of active opposition and criticism, and the number of cremations are in thousands where they once were in tens.

* * *

IT will be noticed that so many people distinguished in the arts, music and the Church are now cremated.

Nearly all those who have lived long periods in the Near and Far East are emphatic on its use as a necessary duty to the living. Our earth cemeteries are out of date as well as overcrowded. Hundreds of village cemeteries are closed and old city ones disused.

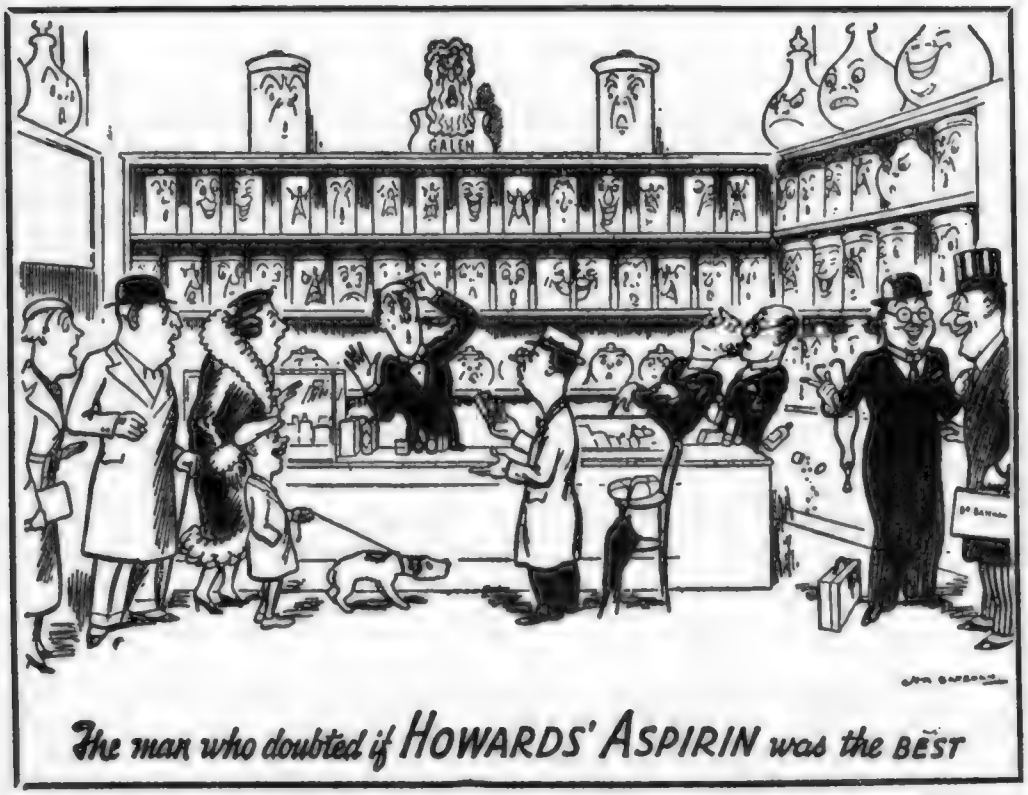
In some countries in Europe cremation is now obligatory. The time may not be far distant when it may be necessary to introduce legislation to make it obligatory here, even though old customs such as earth burial die hard.

* * *

AS a sign of the popularity of the famous Restaurant, Simpsons-in-the-Strand, I met there two men at the same table as I was sitting both of whom had been away from England for years.

One had come from the Far East and one from California. Both had landed that day, and both had mentally resolved to have their first meal there. And they kept their resolution. So much for good old English Roast Beef and Saddle of Mutton and good beer.

And before I left a third man who was leaving England later that day booked his seat for dinner in 1937!



LONDON.

SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON.
Telephone: Temple Bar 4343.

PICCADILLY HOTEL. Regent 8000. Tels.: Piqudillo. Cabaret and Dancing in Restaurant and Grill. Restaurant Dinner or Supper 10/6. Grill Dinner 7/6 or à la carte. Evening Dress not essential in Grill.

HOTEL YORK, Berners Street, W.1.
Telephone: Museum 6862-3-4-5.

GREAT WESTERN ROYAL HOTEL, Paddington Station, W.2.

KINGSLEY HOTEL, Hart Street, W.C.1. Running water in all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast from 8/6 per night. Phone: Holborn 3646. Tels.: "Bookcraft, London."

THACKERAY HOTEL, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. Facing British Museum. Running water in all Bedrooms. Room & Breakfast from 8/6. 'Phone: Museum 1230.

ROYAL COURT HOTEL. Sloane Square, S.W.1. Sloane 9191. Renowned for good Restaurant, 120 rooms with C.Heat.H.&C. water. Fr. 8s. double. Priv.Bath fr. 20s.

IMPERIAL HOTEL. Russell Square. 650 Rooms with H.&C. water. Bath and full Breakfast from 9/6, Double 16/6.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1. Running water all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. Mod. Bd. Terms. 'Phone: Museum 1010.

CORA HOTEL, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Running water all Bedrooms. Room and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. Mod. Bd. Terms. 'Phone: Museum 4472.

WHITE HALL RESIDENTIAL HOTELS LTD.,
92, LANCASTER GATE, W.2.
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A NEW MANAGERESS
Overlooking Hyde Park. P.O. Telephone in every Bedroom. Central Heating. Electric Lift. Garage. Terms from £4 4 0 per week. Telephone: Paddington 3500.

4, MONTAGUE STREET, W.C.1.
Large Private Garden. Adjoining British Museum. Central Heating. Passenger Lift. Terms from £3 13 6 per week. Telephone: Museum 4425.

DE VERE HOTEL. Kensington, W. Opposite Palace gardens. Moderate charges.

SCOTLAND.

BRIDGE-OF-ALLAN.

ALLAN WATER HOTEL. Central for Trossachs, Rob Roy Country, etc.

CRIEFF.

DRUMMOND ARMS HOTEL. On the Great North Road to Scottish Highlands. Tels.: "Premier, Crieff."

SCOTLAND—(*continued*).

GLASGOW.

MORE'S HOTEL. Ideal in every respect. Moderate charges.

GULLANE, N.B. (EAST LOTHIAN).

MARINE HOTEL. Opposite Muirfield Golf Course. Hot and Cold water throughout.

BISSET'S FAMOUS GOLFING HOTEL. Beside Golf Courses. Comfortable. 1st. Cl. Excellent Food. Personal Atten. Illus. Tariff on request. A.A., R.A.C., R.S.A.C. 'Ph. 3.

PERTHSHIRE.

KENMORE HOTEL. Golfing, Tennis, Fishing, Motoring. Restful, bracing.

PITLOCHRY.

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL. Nine Lawn Tennis Courts. Grounds 46 acres. Garage 80 cars.

IRELAND.

ACHILL ISLAND (Co. Mayo).

THE VALLEY HOUSE. Fully licensed. Own Golf. Tennis. Lake and Sea Fishing. Bathing.

SEASIDE.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

HOTEL RIPOSO. Facing Sea. Adjoining Golf Links. Tels.: "Riposo, Bexhill." 'Phone: 472.

NORMANHURST HOTEL. Sea front. Gas fires. Lift. Fully licensed. Night Porter. 'Phone 68.

GRANVILLE HOTEL. Most centrally situated. Moderate charges. 'Phone 1437.

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA, THANET.

BERESFORD HOTEL. Golf, Tennis, Sea-water Baths and Electrical Treatment. 'Phone: Birchington 101.

BOURNEMOUTH.

THE BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO. Hotel comforts. All Hydro baths and treatments. Lift. 'Phone: 341.

GROSVENOR HOTEL. West Cliff. Central heating; h. and c. water all rooms. Tels.: "Grovenotel." 'Phone: 806.

BROCKENHURST.

BROCKENHURST HOTEL. Tel. 74. Away from noise. Every comfort. Excellent cuisine. Chef. 70,000 acres of forest & moorland. Golf. Hunting. Apply Manageress.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

BRIGHTON.

DUDLEY HOTEL. Adjoining Hove Lawns. Licensed, Lift, Night Porter, H. & C. Water in bedrooms, Central Heating. Bed, Breakfast and Bath 10s. 6d. 'Phone: 4910 Hove. Tels.: Devonian Brighton. Write for tariff, Proprietor.

GRAND HOTEL. Facing sea, covered terrace. Best Family. From 6 guineas week, inclusive.

HOTEL CURZON. Facing sea. Licensed. Quiet. Lift. Moderate terms. 'Phone: 5314 Brighton.

OLD SHIP HOTEL. On the Sea Front. Garage. From 5½ gns. weekly. 'Phone: 2031.

ROYAL CRESCENT HOTEL. Unrivalled situation. Unique marine views. Moderate charges.

BUDE (Cornwall).

MAER LODGE HOTEL (Private). Standing in own grounds. Close sea and adjoining Golf Links. Central Heating. H. & C. running water in all Bedrooms. Recommended Winter Residence. 'Phone: Bude 206.

BURNHAM-ON-SEA.

BURNHAM GOLF HOTEL. Close to Famous Links. H. & C. water. Garages. Tennis. 'Phone 142.

DARTMOUTH (Devon).

THE RALEIGH HOTEL. First-class Family. R.A.C. and A.A. Hot and Cold water in all rooms. 'Phone 44.

EASTBOURNE.

ANGLES PRIVATE HOTEL. Sea front. 128 Bedrooms. Dance room. Billiards. Resident Propr. 'Phone: 311.

SUSSEX HOTEL. Cornfield Terrace. Grill room. 'Phone: 362.

HOWARD HOUSE HOTEL (Private). Ideal position. 1 min. Sea; Devonshire Park. 'Phone 846.

FALMOUTH (South Cornwall).

FALMOUTH HOTEL. The Finest Hotel on the Cornish Coast. Due South. Sea front. Picturesque scenery. Moderate Tariff. R. J. S. Fields, Manager.

GREENBANK HOTEL. First Class, situated immediately on the water's edge. Overlooking the lovely Harbour, St. Mawes and Pendennis Castles.

FISHGUARD, PEM.

FISHGUARD BAY HOTEL. Adjoining Harbour. 40 bedrooms.

FOWEY (Cornwall).

ST. CATHERINE'S HOTEL. Unique position. Facing Sea. Unlicensed. 27 Bedrooms.

FOLKESTONE.

AVONDALE HOTEL. On sea front facing South. From 3½ guineas. 'Phone 3730. Props., Mr. and Mrs. W. Meadmore

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

HASTINGS & ST. LEONARDS.

ADELPHI HOTEL. 100 rooms. H. & C. running water. C. Heating, licensed. From 10/6 daily incl. Garage.

ALBANY HOTEL. A. A. & R. A. C. Finest position on front.

THE NEW QUEEN'S HOTEL. Leading and best. Moderate charges.

YELTON PRIVATE HOTEL. 50 rooms. Next door to Pavilion. Opposite Pier. From 3 gns. Tel.: 614.

HOVE—BRIGHTON.

ST. CATHERINE'S LODGE HOTEL, Kingsway. Facing Sea. H. & C. running water. 50 rooms Moderate terms. 'Phone: 3404 Hove. Tel.: "Cheerful," Brighton.

HUNSTANTON-ON-SEA.

LE STRANGE ARMS AND GOLF LINKS HOTEL. Close sea. Own Golf Course free. 'Phone: 10.

GOLDEN LION HOTEL. Opposite Pier. 'Phone 18. Hot water in bedrooms. Hard Tennis Courts.

LITTLEHAMPTON.

BEACH HOTEL. Ideal situation facing the South and overlooking sea.

MILFORD-ON-SEA.

KINGSMEDE. Close to sea. Garage. Lawn Tennis. Good Library. 'Phone 89.

NEWQUAY.

WATERGATE BAY HOTEL (Near Newquay). Finest position on coast. Everything excellent. 'Phone: 25.

PAIGNTON.

REDCLIFFE HOTEL. Best position on sea front. H. & C. water. Central Heating. 'Phone 82533.

PENARTH.

(10 minutes Cardiff.)

ESPLANADE HOTEL. Facing Sea and Pier. H. & C. water in Bedrooms. Excellent Cooking and Wines. Special Residential Terms. 'Phone: 657 & 658. A. E. King, Resident Owner.

RYDE, I.O.W.

ROYAL ESPLANADE HOTEL. Facing Sea and Pier. Tels.: "Band," Ryde. 'Phone: 293.

ST. ANNES-ON-THE-SEA.

GRAND HOTEL. Close to Golf Club and open-air swimming bath. 'Phone: 55.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

ST. IVES (Cornwall).

TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL. 75 bedrooms. 100 acres grounds.

HOTEL CHY-AN-ALBANY. A.A., R.A.C. Overlooking Bay. Near Beach, Tennis, Golf. 100 Guests. 'Phone: 59.

SHALDON (S. Devon).
(Near Torquay. Near Teignmouth.)

DUNMORE HOTEL. A really First Class Hotel, with all modern conveniences. 'Phone: Shaldon 2.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.

ROYAL SPA HOTEL. Only Hotel on sea front. Terms moderate. Officially appointed A.A. & R.A.C. 'Phone: 67

SIDMOUTH.

BELMONT HOTEL. First-class. Overlooking Sea. Lift. Running water and Radiators in Bedrooms.

FORTFIELD HOTEL. Modern. Overlooking Sea. Lift. Running water and Radiators. Garage.

VICTORIA HOTEL. First Class. Overlooking Sea. Lift. Running Water and Radiators. Lock-up Garage.

SOUTHPORT.

VICTORIA HOTEL. First-class Family. Lifts. Garage. Running water in all Rooms. En Pension from 15s.

TORQUAY.

ARGYLL HALL PRIVATE HOTEL. Overlooking Bay. Magnificent view. Excellent cuisine. For en Pension terms, apply Proprietor. 'Phone: 2268.

GRAND HOTEL. First Class. Best position. Sea Front. Golf 18 holes, Tennis, Squash, etc., free.

OSBORNE HOTEL, TORQUAY. Facing full South and the Sea. Away from all noise and traffic. Fully licensed. Garage for 50 Cars. Illustrated Brochure from Manager.

PALM COURT HOTEL. Level. Sea Front. Fully Licensed. H. & C. Every Modern Comfort. Terms Moderate.

THE BEDFORD PRIVATE HOTEL. Central & restful. Good cuisine. Inclusive from 3 gns. weekly. 'Phone: 3502.

VENTNOR, I.O.W

BURLINGTON HOTEL. First-class. Facing Sea. Central Heating. Garage. From 9s. per day. 'Phone: 123.

WALMER.

THE FAIR MAID OF KENT HOTEL. H. & C. running water all Bedrooms. Moderate terms. 'Phone 252. Deal.

SEASIDE—(*continued*).

WESTWARD HO!

GOLDEN BAY HOTEL. Leading N. Devon Hotel. Facing sea & famous Golf Links. Large garage. 'Phone: 14.

SPAS AND HYDROS.

BATH.

GRAND PUMP ROOM HOTEL. Lifts. Central heating. Intercommunication with Corporation bath. Tel.: "Pumpotel."

SPA HOTEL. Running H. & C. water and Radiators all rooms. Nine acres. Lift. Orchestra. Own Garage. The quietest hotel position in Bath. Telephone 4224-5. Telegrams: "Spaotel, Bath."

BUXTON.

SPA HOTEL. 240 rooms. H. & C. Water and Radiators. Garage. Tels.: "Comfortable."

EASTBOURNE.

HYDRO HOTEL, SOUTHCLIFF. Facing sea and Beachy Head. South aspect. Ballroom. 'Phone: 643.

HARROGATE.

THE CAIRN HYDRO. Luxurious accommodation for 300 guests. Write for illustrated Brochure.

HARROGATE HYDRO. Ideal situation. Accommodation 300. Lift. H. & C. all rooms. Tariff on request. Established 1878.

LEAMINGTON SPA.

ALKERTON PRIVATE HOTEL. South aspects. Comfortable. Moderate Tariff. Garage. R.A.C. 'Phone 510.

MATLOCK.

CHATSWORTH HYDRO. Glorious situation. Nearest Moors and Golf Links. Lift. A.A., R.A.C. 'Phone 9.

SMEDLEY'S.—Gt. Britain's Greatest Hydro, Matlock. For Health, Rest or Pleasure, 270 Bedrooms, grounds 10 acres. Inclusive terms from 13s. per day. Illustrated Prospectus free.

THE LILYBANK HYDRO. R.A.C. Appointed Hotel. Accommodation, 130 Visitors. 6 acres of pleasure gardens. Sun lounge, "Vita" glass. H. and C. water in all bedrooms. Lift. From £3 10s. per week.

WOODHALL SPA.

EAGLE LODGE HOTEL. Fully licensed. Garage.

PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND COUNTRY.

AYLESBURY (Bucks).

BULL'S HEAD HOTEL. 15th-Century Hostelry. Well known to Motorists. Luncheons. Garage. 'Phone 120.

BEAULIEU, NEW FOREST.

MONTAGU ARMS. 12 miles from Southampton. Thoroughly up-to-date Country Hotel, Oak-panelled, Furnished as Gentleman's Country House. Sunny, warm winter climate. Every Comfort in beautiful setting. Private Suites. Comfortable Lounge. Central Heating. Hot and Cold water in Bedrooms. Electric Light. Garages.

CARDIFF.

ROYAL HOTEL. Close to station. First-class. H. & C. water in Bedrooms. Grill room. Motor omnibus.

CIRENCESTER.

(The town with the sporting atmosphere.)

KING'S HEAD HOTEL. R.A.C., A.A.*** Excellent cuisine. Specially reduced terms for winter months to suit present conditions. H. & C. running water in bedrooms. Hunting, Golf, Tennis (6 hard courts), Squash, Bowls. 'Phone 55.

ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

ROYAL OAK HOTEL, KESWICK-ON-DERWENT-WATER. 70 Bedrooms with H. & C. running water and some with private baths. Suites, Dance Room, Palm Lounge, Lift. Write for Tariff. Telephone 23 and 238.

THE KESWICK HOTEL. First-class. Centre English Lakes. Elec. Lift & Light. Cent. Htg. 'Phone: 20 Keswick.

ARMATHWAITE HALL HOTEL. All modern comforts. Elec. Lift & Light. 'Phone: 20 Bassenthwaite Lake. Propns.: J. & M. Wivell & Son.

HINDHEAD

PINEHURST, WITLEY, SURREY. (Nr. Hindhead and Haslemere.) 3 mins. Witley Stn. For Sunshine, Pines, Golf. 10 acres beautiful grounds. Home Produce. R.A.C., A.A. Res. Props.: Mr. & Mrs. J. T. Hollowell.

LEWES.

WHITE HART HOTEL. 14th Century. Write for illustrated souvenir and Tariff.

PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND COUNTRY —(*continued*).

MORETONHAMPSTEAD (Devon).

MANOR HOUSE HOTEL. 200 acres of Park a Pleasure Grounds. Tennis. Croquet. Golf.

PATTERDALE.

ULLSWATER HOTEL. Overlooking Lake. Eve Comfort. Free Fishing. Tennis. 'Phone: Gle ridding 27.

SALISBURY.

CATHEDRAL HOTEL Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. Li Rng. h. & c. softened water & radiators in bedroom 'Phone: 399 & 830. Props.: Capt. & Mrs. Gilbert Kin

WELLS.

SWAN HOTEL. Facing the Cathedral. Garage. Electr Light. Hot and Cold running water. 'Phone: Wells

WINCHESTER.

GEORGE HOTEL. A.A. appointed. Comfortable Moderate terms. 'Phone: 491.

NORTH WALES.

BAY HOTEL, RHOSNEIGR. Facing the sea. Excelle Cuisine. First-class Golf. Tennis, Boating, Bathi Fishing, Dancing. Fully licensed. Electric light H. & C. water in all rooms. A.A., R.A.C. Telephone

BANGOR CASTLE HOTEL. 40 Bedrooms with H. & C water and Central Heating. Oak Lounges, Ball Roo French Chef, Service Garage. Moderate Tariff.

INDIA.

SAVOY HOTEL, Mussoorie.

CARLTON HOTEL, Lucknow.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

FRANCE.

MENTONE.

HOTEL CÔTE D'AZUR (Eng. Propr.). Central, near Sea. Every modern comfort. Moderate terms.

SWITZERLAND.

AXENSTEIN.

GRAND HOTEL—PARK HOTEL. On Lake Lucerne. Golf. Swimming Pool. Tennis. Orchestra. Red. Pension terms: GRAND 15, PARK 10 francs.

ENGADINE.

MALOJA PALACE. Grandest Swiss Alpine Centre. Mountaineering, Golf, Lawn Tennis. Boating, Bathing, Trout Fishing. Theatre, Ball Room and Lounge. All winter sports at their best. Illustrated booklet post free.

SWITZERLAND—(*continued*).

CLARENS—MONTREUX.

Centre for all excursions and sports, THE GRAND HOTEL LE CLARENS. Ideal situation. 10s. daily inclusive.

ST. GALL.

HOTEL WALHALLA-TERMINUS. Georges E. Stähli. Up-to-date. Tels.: "Walhalla, St. Gall." Garage.

BELGIUM.

BRUGES.

MEMLING PALACE HOTEL. Grand Place, nr. famous Belfry. Modern. Rooms with private bathroom.

GERMANY.

WIESBADEN.

HOTEL NIZZA, WIESBADEN. Prop.: E. Uplegger. Near Casino and English Church. Moderate terms.

EDUCATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

BOYS.

BETHANY SCHOOL, GOUDHURST, KENT. Education thorough; Situation ideal; Sports, Swimming, Scouts. Evangelical tone. 100 boys, 8 to 18. Founded 1866. Fees £72 per year.

BOYS' CATHOLIC PREPARATORY SCHOOL, ST. LOUIS, HAWKESYARD, RUGELEY, STAFFS. Headmaster: R. D. Jebb, M.A., M.C.

CHURCHER'S COLLEGE, PETERSFIELD. Boys 10 to 18. Fees from £72. Public School Education; leaving Exhibitions; O.T.C.; Swimming Bath; Separate Preparatory School.

CLAYESMORE SCHOOL, WINCHESTER. Small Public School for boys. Special individual attention. Splendid grounds and playing fields. A pioneer school in modern educational method. Moderate fees. Headmaster: Aubrey de Sélincourt, M.A.

HERNE BAY COLLEGE, KENT. School and Higher Certificate. Mechanical Engineering. O.T.C. 120 guineas.

LADYCROSS, SEAFORD, SUSSEX. First-Class R.C. School for Public Schools and R.N. Ideal Buildings. Private Chapel. Teaching by modern individual methods. Many Scholarships gained. For Prospectus, etc., apply Headmaster.

EDUCATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—*cont.*

BOYS.

MALSIS PREPARATORY SCHOOL, CROSS HILLS, YORKSHIRE. Boys 7–14. Special features in addition to usual preparation for Public Schools. For Prospectus apply Headmaster.

SANDBACH SCHOOL, CHESHIRE. Founded 1677; Endowed School for boys 8–18; Playing Fields, about 18 acres. Swimming Bath. Fees £69 per annum. Apply Headmaster.

ST. COLUMBA'S COLLEGE, RATHFARNHAM, Co. DUBLIN. Public School (Church of Ireland). Beautifully situated Dublin mountains. Fees £100. Entrance Scholarships June.

THE GRANGE, BECKENHAM, KENT. Preparatory for all Public Schools. Careful individual training. Extensive Sports ground in open country. Unsurpassed health record. Prospectus, book of Views, &c., from Headmaster.

Special Tuition.

CRANEMOOR, CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS. Healthy coaching for Matriculation and all examinations under best possible conditions. New Forest and sea, riding and games. F. Pettipher, B.Sc.

GIRLS.

CHALFONT LODGE, GERRARD'S CROSS, BUCKS. Matriculation. Riding. Good health record.

DUNARDARIGH, NORTH BERWICK. Inspected and recognized by Education Department. Preparation for Examinations. Special attention to health. Situated near Sea and Golf Links. Moderate Fees.

GIRLS.

THE LAURELS, RUGBY. Established 1872. Recognized by the B. of E. Private Boarding School. Graduate Staff. Preparation for University Entrance Examinations. Excellent health and games record. A few scholarships available.

VYNE STRATTON, MICHELDEVER. Residential School. Univ. of Lond., and college entrance exams. Scholarships available (£30 to £60). Beautiful home and grounds: (260 acres). Apply to the Head Mistress.

UPPER CHINE, SHANKLIN, I.W. Appvd. Board of Education. Ages 5-19. Entire charge. Preparation all Exams.

CO-EDUCATIONAL.

KING'S LANGLEY PRIORY, HERTS. A School for Boys and Girls based upon the educational principles of Dr. Rudolf Steiner.

MISS M. PUTTICK'S CHILDREN'S CLASSES
(Girls from 4 to 14, Boys from 4 to 9 years)
2 BEDFORD GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.8.
In this sunny house children are taught by modern methods, to see, learn and admire. Great attention is paid to standard subjects, languages, etc. Visual Education by means of the Cinema, nature study from living things, organized games, rhythmic movement, children's library. Illustrated prospectus on application. Phone: Park 6709.

ADVICE ON EDUCATION.

Through personal visits of inspection, the Director of

COOK'S SCHOLASTIC SERVICE is able to give expert advice on the choice of a school for your child. Consultations in person or by post without fee or obligation. Address: Cook's Scholastic Service, Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., 45 Berkeley Street, London, W.1.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

29th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

CONTENTS, FEBRUARY, 1935.

Correspondence	*Alfred H. Tysser and Sir A. T. Wilson*
Current Comments	*Douglas Jerrold*
The Army in 1935—Signs of Recovery	*B. H. Liddell Hart*
Cultural Activities at Nanking	*J. O. P. Bland*
Surprising Orientals	*Sir Harry Luke, C.M.G.*
The Governor Resigns	*Frederick Howard*
Poem : How Shall We Overtake	*Humbert Wolfe*
An Asturian Excursion—II	*Luis A. Bolin*
Sea Power Surrendered	*Captain B. Acworth, D.S.O., R.N.*
India : The Committee's Report considered in the light of its origins	*F. Slocock, C.I.E.*
A Countryman's Diary	*A. G. Street*
Foreign Affairs	*Sir Charles Petrie*
Literary Supplement :	*Hugh Kingsmill ; Osbert Burdett, H. J. ; Hesketh Pearson ; Kenneth Hare ; William King ; Douglas Goldring ; Basil Maine.*

CONTRIBUTIONS ARE WELCOMED AND SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 14/- POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE (PUBLISHERS) LIMITED
6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Correspondence

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The reception of the report on the Herring Industry ma by the Sea Fish Commission was on the whole favourable, but your November issue Sir Arnold T. Wilson, M.P., attacks t Report, the intended Board, and the Government, and condem every measure proposed by Sir Andrew Duncan's Commission.

His criticism unfortunately does not appear to be well inform but coming as it does from a man of Sir Arnold's standing a capacity, it cannot remain unchallenged.

I suggest, Sir, that Sir Arnold is hypnotized by the idea Government CONTROL, which he perceives in the Report, a his very healthy distrust of Government regulations and interf ence in industry seems to lead him to a biassed attitude towar *all* the recommendations of the Commission.

Before dealing with the question as to whether the measur proposed by the Board are as unlikely to achieve their object Sir Arnold suggests, it is necessary to examine his objection to t Board as a dangerous precedent. Surely we all agree that if measure is otherwise desirable, it would be absurd to reject because it is hailed in " Planning," or because socialists genera welcome it. Although I am perhaps more opposed to social theories than Sir Arnold is, I am not alarmed by the fact th " no more revolutionary document has seen the light since 193 or that some fanatics of collectivism see in it a new sign of t breaking up of the old order. Let them rejoice. If the Gove ment's measures with regard to the Herring Industry pro successful—and knowing some of the present conditions in herri markets abroad, I am as confident that they will be success as Sir Arnold is of their ineffectiveness—it does not matter in least whether the Left Press does or does not approve.

In his article, Sir Arnold desires to prove that apart from general objections, the measures recommended cannot succe His facts, however, are, where not wrong, insufficient. A belittling the figures given with regard to the number of pe employed in herring fishing he states rather sweepingly that " hope of increased exports is vain, and the Committee know (p. 28.)" He refers to page 28 of the Commission's Report, the most careful study of that page will not show that the " h

FORWARD IS OUR WATCHWORD.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

have the proud record of having passed through their Homes and Training Ship

30,000 POOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

1,100 CHILDREN ARE ALWAYS BEING MAINTAINED.

These children are being so trained that they may become good and useful men and women, and well fitted for any positions they may be called upon to occupy.

PLEASE SEND A DONATION TO-DAY SO THAT THIS GREAT WORK MAY GO FORWARD

and enable us to pass another 30,000 through our doors.

There is no better cause than that of caring for young children.

GIFTS, LARGE OR SMALL, WILL BE GRATEFULLY RECEIVED.

ANNUAL EXPENDITURE, £65,000.

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON W.C.2

THE PRESIDENT: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, recently said:—"I do commend this Institution to the Public for their continued assistance and I would remind them that it is supported by voluntary contributions."

"TRUTH"

Grows Better Than Ever

Its outspoken comments are always valuable to those who desire to keep pace with public affairs. And, of course, the value of its enlightened and critical survey of all Investments of importance is inestimable.

Then there are the authoritative articles by writers of distinction on Politics, Sport, Music, Art, the Theatre, Books and Motoring; the typical diary by the New Pepys, a Queer Story and exposures of all kinds of frauds.

Altogether, the journal—quite apart from its high literary standing—is necessary to everyone who needs an adequate survey of the movements of men and affairs.

NINEPENCE EVERY WEDNESDAY

Obtainable at all booksellers, or from

THE MANAGER, Truth Buildings, Carteret Street, London, S.W.1

by postal subscription at the following rates:

3 months, 10s. 10d. 6 months, £1 1s. 8d. 12 months, £2 3s. 4d.

of increased exports is vain." On the contrary, the Commissi points out how the undoubtedly difficult problem of exports is be dealt with, and how shipments could again be increased.

He returns to the charge as regards exports later on :—

> "The Commission professes to believe that the Herri Board, and the Herring Board alone, can recapture t export markets. The lost markets are in Russia, Pola and Germany. The first is unlikely to improve : why sho it ? When millions are short of bread, they will not b salted herring."

Unfortunately Sir Arnold ignores the fact that thousands barrels are shipped, despite the present sad state of the exp markets, to Italy, the United States, and even the Scandinav States; that "red" herring is sent in large quantities to t Mediterranean markets and canned herring to the Dominio that the Baltic States, although they are only just beginning to b British herring again, have taken about 200,000 cwt. during 19 and that their purchases during the present season are not lik to be much lower. In fact, British herring exports, fresh a cured and excluding canned herring, have reached 2,952,293 c during the first eleven months of 1934, against 2,820,844 cwt. the corresponding period of 1933. But even the problem Russia's purchases is a complicated one, and people who a exceptionally well-informed with regard to it would hesitate express an opinion within the space of a short essay. It is a w known fact that the U.S.S.R. buy now through central Purchas Agencies, and that very considerable contracts can be obtain from these.

In the present buying season alone, which commenced only September, Russia had bought £50,000 worth of herring by the e of October, and orders for £119,814 worth had been placed in t six months ending October 31st, according to the official figu of the British-Russian Chamber of Commerce which we have reason to mistrust. The Board of Trade figure for British herri shipments to Russia in the first eleven months of the year, 200,220 cwt. Every report from informed people both in Rus and in British exporting circles, states moreover, that the Russi buyers are ready to place increasing orders for the coming seaso

Yet, with magnificent sweep, Sir Arnold states: "Wh millions are short of bread, they will not buy salted herring."

As a rhetorical phrase the sentence may be good, but subject to sober analysis it means just nothing. Russia is a vast countr in which certain regions may, or may not, suffer from occasio wheat famine. What is certain is that bread rationing in Russi centres ceased a considerable time ago; and furthermore it

absurd to suggest that no herring could be bought by Russia, even if "millions" were short of bread. It is precisely in Russia, because of its climate, that fat herrings are most needed in the staple diet of the peasant and the worker. Every British herring exporter who has been to Russia could have told Sir Arnold that the Russians prefer British herrings to those which they could have in their own country, and which are, in fact, consumed in certain districts, but are always considered a very poor substitute for the "Angliiskie seliedki."

In 1934, the Soviet Republics imported about 10,000 tons of herring from all countries. Thus Russia can and will buy considerable quantities, but she will do this through one central office, and can it be open to doubt, Sir, that the best way to meet such a situation is to counter the Russians with a central selling office for the British exporters.

In the same cavalier manner Sir Arnold deals with the Polish market :—

> "It will not again be open to us. Poland aspires to possess fishing fleets worthy of her own sea-board, and Norway is close at hand."

My firm's most reliable correspondents in Poland, who have been in the herring trade nearly all their lives, have never heard of Poland's aspirations to a *herring fishing* fleet. It is a fact that Norway has secured better import quotas than Great Britain in bargaining for herring imports, but that is a point more in favour of the Commission's contention that collective bargaining is essential under modern conditions, than anything else. (See p. 27, par. 5 of the Report). If Poland were faced with the danger of having her clothing markets in Britain restricted, she would soon improve the British herring quota !

I have no quarrel with Sir Arnold's remarks on Germany. He is correct in stating that the market in the Reich is not promising. But what of all the other markets in the world that Sir Arnold ignores ? What of the vast possibilities for export to markets within the Empire ? What of the export openings for guanin, for herring-meal as a fertilizer, and for other by-products that can be obtained from herrings ?

What then are Sir Arnold's remedies ? He considers the export trade hopeless, but in his grand manner he also rejects all the measures proposed by the Commission for the home trade, and suggests instead the following imposing steps.

That the Government help with market sites, especially in Billingsgate ! That they insist on the larger consumption of herring by those who feed at the cost of the State—he forgets that one of the obstacles to larger consumption at home which

will have to be overcome, is the snobbish prejudice against herring as a food for plebeians, a prejudice which will not be eradicated by compulsory herring diets " for prisons and asylums, infirmaries and casual wards," as he suggests—and lastly he demands that the Government require Local Authorities to encourage hawkers of fish and fried-fish shops, instead of harrying them. Difficile est satiram non scribere. . . .

I admit that there is a good deal in Sir Arnold's arguments that the small individual fish hawker should be encouraged. But to suggest seriously that the above measures would be preferable to the well-reasoned and well-thought-out scheme proposed by the Commission, however tainted this scheme may be with the " Government Control Idea " so much detested by Sir Arnold, strikes one, to say the least, as bad judgment.

I am, Sir,
Yours very truly,
ALFRED H. TYSSER.

Sir Arnold T. Wilson, M.P., writes—

It is quite clear from your correspondent's letter that he has not seen the Report of the Committee on the Fishing Industry set up by the Economic Advisory Council, to which I was at pains to refer the readers of my original article. Had he studied that document, published just two years ago, and itself the fruit of two years' study, he would have been aware that the Committee saw little hope of improvement in the Mediterranean trade which, in any case, covers only 6 per cent. of total production.

He would have seen that Russia's purchases of herrings for this year (accepting the figures he gives) are about one-sixth of pre-war average, as she relies to-day mainly on her own fisheries and on cheap low grade supplies from Norway. When millions are short of bread they *cannot* buy imported herrings. As to bread prices in Russia I have no first-hand information, but sufficient at second-hand to lead me to discount your correspondent's naivété.

He proclaims his faith in a centralized selling agency in this country: will it result in higher prices ? if so, why should Russia buy more: alternatively, will it reduce wholesale prices ? That has, as yet, been achieved by no central selling board without state subsidy of more than equivalent amount.

Mr. Tysser complains that I " belittle " the figures of employment in the herring industry. As a matter of fact the Ministry of Labour (on November 28th) confirmed the accuracy of my figures adding that he did not know how many men were wholly or mainly

dependent on herring fishing. Has a scheme for the relief of an industry ever been launched in the absence of such information ? The total number given involved is probably less than 10,000 : the maximum is 15,000.

As to the Polish market—the predominance of Norway is nothing new : it is primarily a matter of price—a lower price—for a lower grade herring from a neighbouring shore. " If Poland were faced with the danger of having her clothing market in Britain restricted," says Mr. Tysser, " she would soon improve the British herring quota." This is mercantilism run mad. We have no need for Polish cloth—shoddy or otherwise : to keep our doors open to such imports in order that Poland may take, at a relatively greater cost, herrings she now takes from Norway, is to surrender economic substance for uneconomic shadows. " If," says the Committee, " the home market (for herrings) had been maintained at pre-war level the excess to-day in capacity for fishing would be relatively small." Let us concentrate on the home market, rather than penalize the weavers of Leeds.

The Committee emphasize, at least as strongly as I did, the importance of improvements in Billingsgate, the rôle of the hawker, and the fried fish shop. They state that the consumption of herrings per head has dropped from a figure of 14 lbs in 1913 to about 8 lbs to-day but explain that the reduction is more than balanced by an increase in the consumption of white fish.

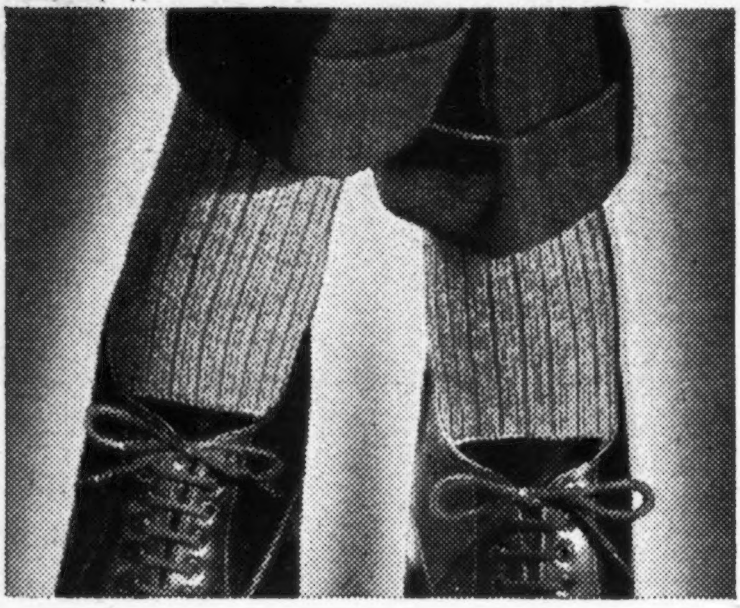
As a nation we are catching, and eating, more fish than ever : Why should a Board be set up to induce housewives to buy one kind of fish instead of another? Is this planning in industry, or are we promised another Board to deal with white fish ?

Mr. Tysser is in love with the idea of " control " and his affection is doubtless genuine yet, as Publius Syrus says : " amare et sapere vix Dei conceditur." But when he says that the idea has hypnotized me I must protest that my article proves the contrary. Like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears, I heed not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely, and he has, in fact, not adduced a single argument, new or old, in favour of the scheme he supports. Have we no more important tasks before us than to devise an elaborate scheme which at best deals with less than one-tenth of one per cent. of the nation's food and say one-half of one per cent. of our exports ?

dated on

The Festival of Hilarius.

Bishop of Poitiers. January 13th, 1935.



Comfortable Feet Happy Man

Your feet can make or mar your fitness. Consider them carefully. Wear good shoes and, particularly, good socks. Woollen socks; the best wool for comfort. Socks of perfect fit and, of course, distinctive appearance.

YES, the

Two Steeples No. 83 Socks

From your Hosier 4/6 per pair A Shade for every Suit
Half-inch sizes up to 12"
No. 72. A lighter weight, 4/- per pair

Write for price list containing patterns of Socks and Underwear: DEPT. 43

TWO STEEPLES LTD., Wigston, Leicestershire